August / September 1996 $ 4.95

The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY

The Oldest Canadians

Laurier, Quebec & Canada

Newfoundland at the Crossroads

MUSEUM PROFILE

From its prime waterfront location in Vanier Park, the Vancouver Maritime Museum overlooks the busy shipping commerce of English Bay and the magnificent peaks of the city's North Shore mountains. The primary maritime museum on Canada's Pacific coast, the facility is alive with "Please DO touch" exhibits and displays that invite visitors to discover the vibrant maritime world.

Housed under the sharply pitched roof, the historic RCMP schooner *St. Roch* gives visitors a first-hand look at the rigours faced by the Arctic Patrol as it transitted the Northwest Passage. And the blockbuster exhibit *Pirates!*, running until March/97, enthralls all ages with the world of these seafaring rogues. In the Children's Maritime Discovery Centre, 'fun' is the key as youngsters learn about boats and the sea through fully interactive activities.

"Small on the outside, but big on the inside", the Museum's mandate is to be an appealing centre of lifelong learning about the maritime world. Through permanent and temporary exhibits and displays, educational and public programs, and community outreach activities, this mandate is fulfilled.

Photo: Sylvia Borda

Pirates! at the Vancouver Maritime Museum

Vancouver Maritime Museum
1905 Ogden Avenue, Vancouver, BC.
V6J 1A3
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Canada's National History Society

Steamer *Northcote* at Fort Edmonton, 1875

BY PETER RINDLISBACHER

This splendid evocation of the pioneer Canadian West is the first in a series of paintings of historic prairie steamers by the distinguished Canadian marine artist Peter Rindlisbacher.

The painting shows the famous Hudson's Bay Company vessel *Northcote* making its first visit to the HBC post at what is now the site of the city of Edmonton, Alberta, 10 years before the steamer's dramatic role at the Battle of Batoche in the North-West Rebellion.

The Beaver is offering a quality reproduction of this historic painting printed on fine stock and suitable for framing. It measures 13 3/4" x 19 1/4" and is priced at **$19.98 postage paid.**

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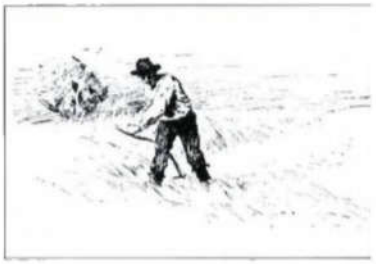

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Christopher Dafoe

History as Literature

"My early and invincible love of reading," said Edward Gibbon, "I would not exchange for the treasures of India."

As the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Gibbon himself provided materials for the pleasure of generations of readers, although many modern readers, I suspect, might well regard the struggle with all those heavy volumes more of a chore than a pleasure. Times change and tastes alter. Gibbon's masterpiece still enjoys a steady sale, and there are still readers who find themselves equal to the struggle.

We are constantly told, of course, that people now read far less than they used to, but somehow there seem to be just as many — if not more — bookstores open for business and public libraries, somehow, report no serious falling off of patrons. Out there in the great universe of television viewers there are people secretly reading books and enjoying them as much as ever.

For the time being, at least, there appears to be a considerable audience for literary material. Books of all sorts continue to sell briskly, magazines are subscribed to and eagerly read, newspapers continue to land with a dull thud on front porches every morning.

Those of us who happen to be over 50 got into the habit of reading when we were children, but the rising generation was reared on television and the personal computer and increasing numbers of young people appear to obtain the information they want from electronic sources.

Does literature have a future? Will sentences and paragraphs continue to attract attention as the age of electronics unfolds? Will there be books a hundred — or even 20 — years from now? Will people still read in bed or spend a lazy summer afternoon in the garden with an historical novel or pass a cosy winter evening by the fire

Duncan Campbell Scott

with a political memoir? The answer lies in our schools and our libraries. Teachers and librarians will occupy the last ditch in the struggle for the survival of the burnished word.

Many "experts" keep telling us that old-fashioned literature is about to become a back number. I was talking to a youth of 20 recently who told me, quite forcefully, that books and reading have "had it". Printed paper has already been replaced, he insisted, by the CD-ROM, the Web site and the electronic fact library. Books are no longer necessary. All the "facts" you need are "on-ine", on a disc or conveniently enshrined on a cassette.

There is nothing wrong with a good CD-ROM, and electronic information sources can certainly be useful, but I have a feeling that books and magazines, however old-fashioned they might seem, will continue to be valued and collected by people who value literature, ideas and the treasures of the human imagination.

There are signs that book reading is holding its own for the present, but nagging doubts persist about the future of the printed word as we have known it in our increasingly electronic society. Universal schooling has somehow not produced the New Jerusalem of literacy foreseen by Matthew Arnold and other nineteenth-century pioneers of popular education. Literature alone cannot save civilization, but many still believe that of all the things we acquire during our years of education, reading is the most important. For young people today, what is termed "computer literacy" seems easy enough and we can teach students to make sense of the symbols they encounter on the printed page. Having covered basic requirements, however, a greater task remains — to foster in the student a love of ideas and a curiosity about what can be obtained only from good writing. When we speak of "teaching literature", we really mean a process by which doors are opened, the capacity for critical enjoyment is nurtured and the world of ideas is laid open.

We hear complaints these days that students emerging from our schools are inarticulate, unable to write a simple paragraph and generally inept in the various styles of self-

expression. It has been suggested that an understanding of grammar is lacking and this may well be true, but the fact remains that you can teach all the rules of composition by rote or beat them in with a stick, but until they have the chance to encounter the language in action the young will never learn to express themselves freely and to good effect. The main problem with the inarticulate graduate as he hums and haws his way through a discussion or essay is that he has never come fully to grips with the language in its most vigorous and

John Bunyan

potent forms. Children who are bored by literature during the crucial early years might be saved by a gifted and sympathetic mentor in the later grades, but this happens all too seldom. The non-starter usually remains incapacitated for life. It is important to make certain that from the earliest primer students are exposed to writing of high quality. It is alarming to think, for example, that one can encounter modern graduates who have never encountered the King James version of the Bible, the novels of Hardy, Dickens and Jane Austen, the poetry of Tennyson, Blake or Arnold, the essays of George Orwell, Charles Lamb or Walter Pater, the nonsense of Edward Lear or the strong, upright prose of Sir Thomas Browne, John Bunyan or John Ruskin. The list of omissions could go on at length and might include many Canadian writers such as Robertson Davies, Carol Shields, Duncan Campbell Scott and A.R.M. Lower. How can people be expected to use the language effectively if they have never or seldom had the opportunity to see it used at its best and most vigorous?

The uses of literature are many and various. Literature brings us into touch with the best ideas and minds of the past and present. It gives pleasure. It can help us to an understanding of the human condition. It provides us with information. It can assist in the development of our own powers of expression, orally and in the written word. In *Literature and Dogma* Matthew Arnold wrote: "The valuable thing in letters — that is, in the acquainting oneself with the best which has been thought and said in the world — is the judgment which forms itself insensibly in a fair mind, along with fresh knowledge".

We may, indeed, be entering the age of electronic information, the "educational" comic book and the online factoid, but friends of literature should not despair. Literature has always insisted on its place in the world and it has found many ways of reaching those in need of it. Those of us who read or edit *The Beaver* should remember, as well, that good, well-written history is a long-established and honourable branch of literature, from Herodotus to Francis Parkman, Barbara Tuchman and Simon Schama. The best history can be read for pleasure as well as for instruction and enlightenment. In the future, historical writing may reach its audience by means we can now scarcely imagine, but well-written history, history as literature, will continue to instruct, entertain and inspire those who seek it out whether it is stored in a microchip or set forth traditionally on an elegantly printed

Jane Austen

page between hard covers. Here at *The Beaver* it is part of our job to ensure that good Canadian history remains good literature for the entertainment, edification and enlightenment of readers, young and old.

In years to come the magazine you are now reading could evolve into forms unimagined today — electronically transmitted, bounced off the planets or received via the fourth dimension. With luck, however, the readers of tomorrow may not change that much. Whatever the means of reception — neatly printed page or some yet-to-be-invented marvel of the future — the product will be literary and, we hope, well worth reading. ◆

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Living History

Canada's oldest citizens are leading even longer, more active lives today

"Jackrabbit" Johannsen was a spry 110 when his daughter Alice photographed television crews filming him on skis at Sun Valley, Idaho, in 1986.

By Donald B. Smith

Never before in Canada's history have so many Canadians lived to such an advanced age. In the French Regime, 250 years ago, life was short by modern standards. Half of the children died before the age of ten. People were considered old in their late 40s.

The *Guinness Book of World Records* claimed for years one Pierre Joubert (born 15 July 1701; died 16 November 1814) as the holder of Canada's national longevity record. In actual fact their Pierre Joubert was really two people. The older Joubert, a citizen of New France, died at 65, just six years after the English conquest in 1760. As the Montreal demographer Hubert Charbonneau recently pointed out, nineteenth-century Quebec genealogists confused the death date of Pierre Joubert, père, with that of his son and namesake who died at 82 in 1814. Until the mid-twentieth century people, with only a few exceptions, did not live to the age of 100.

Immediately after Confederation, contemporaries thought it natural for most people to die before they reached 60. When Torontonian Donald McLaren celebrated his 100th birthday in 1900 the *Toronto World* made the event a front-page story in its issue of 4 December: "Donald McLaren Is Hearty On His Hundredth Birthday. Probably the Oldest Man in Toronto Meets and Greets His Children, Grandchildren and Great-Grandchildren at a Happy Little Family Party". Now it is not so rare. Nearly a century later — in 1991 — 3,675 Canadians were aged 100 plus — of those 77% were women and 23% were men.

Today our life expectancy at birth, thanks largely to medical advances, a safer environment and a higher standard of living, has increased to nearly 75 for males and 81 for females — baby-boomers, the nine million Canadians born between 1946 and 1964, take note. The first wave of boomers turns 50 this year. Researchers believe that by 2030 one out of five of the population will be aged 65 and older. This is roughly the percentage of those in the over-65 age category in Victoria, British Columbia, today. Those aged 75 and over will account for 13% of the population in 2036, up from 5% in 1991 and 3% in 1971.

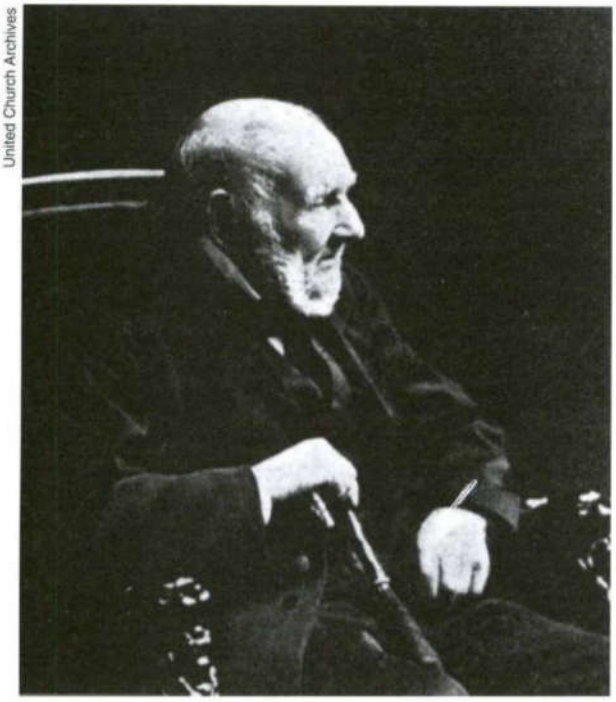
Our population is aging, but who can tomorrow's — and today's — advanced seniors look upon in the past, as examples to follow — or to avoid? With help from Canadian archivists, librarians, and the use of reference works, particularly the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, we can identify several of the most prominent.

Education

Queen's University had the famous Canadian engineer and inventor Sandford Fleming as its Chancellor from 1880 to 1915, when he died at 88; and McGill had the Hudson's Bay Company's Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona) who served as governor from 1889 to his death in 1914 at the age of 94. This record of longevity was surpassed, however, by Sir William Mulock, in office for 20 years as the Chancellor of the University of Toronto, to his death at 101 in 1944. The former Chief Justice of Ontario (he had retired from the bench in 1936 at the age of 93) was active almost to the end. The caption of a Karsh photo of him in *Saturday Night* (24 April 1943), reads: "Ontario's Grand Old Man, Sir William Mulock, in his hundredth year presides at all important University of Toronto functions".

Centenarian Jack Agnew, shown with his niece Barbara, ran a rural convenience store at the age of 100. Photo by Steven Simon, "The Edmonton Sunday Journal", May 1991.

United Church Archives



Senator David Wark: a Parliamentary institution.

Politics

Canada has produced several of the oldest legislators in the world. At least it did until 1965 when the federal government introduced a mandatory retirement age for the Senate. Now senators are appointed to age 75.

In the early twentieth century two Canadian senators served after reaching 100. David Wark from New Brunswick sat in the Red Chamber from 1867 to his death in 1905 at the age of 101. Georges-Casimir Dessaulles from Quebec exceeded that record by one year. He sat from his appointment in 1907 to his death at 102 in 1930. "Sat" is literally the correct expression. In its obituary of the centenarian senator, the *Ottawa Citizen* noted: "So far as is recalled by those around the Senate since he was there, he never participated in any debate or gave expression to an opinion." Dessaulles's public performance, from his 80s on, contrasts poorly with that of the Micmac chief Membertou in the early seventeenth century, whom the French writer Marc Lescarbot described in 1607 as "over 100 years" and active.

Business

Among the longevity record-holders in business stands former Conservative Prime Minister Mackenzie Bowell (1894-1896) who served as President of the Imperial Life Assurance Company from age 80 to 89. William Gooderham, President of the Bank of Toronto, however, still edged him out — he continued in office until his death in 1881 at the age of 90.

The title, King of the Workaholics, goes to John Rudolphus Booth, the Ottawa Valley lumber baron who worked all his waking hours, with only four hours sleep a night, right up to his death in 1925 at the age of 98. Without asking his employees, the multi-millionaire assumed they felt the same way about work as he did, and omitted to establish a pension scheme for them. Only in 1927 did the federal government pass the first old-age-pension legislation in Canada.

Ontario Archives

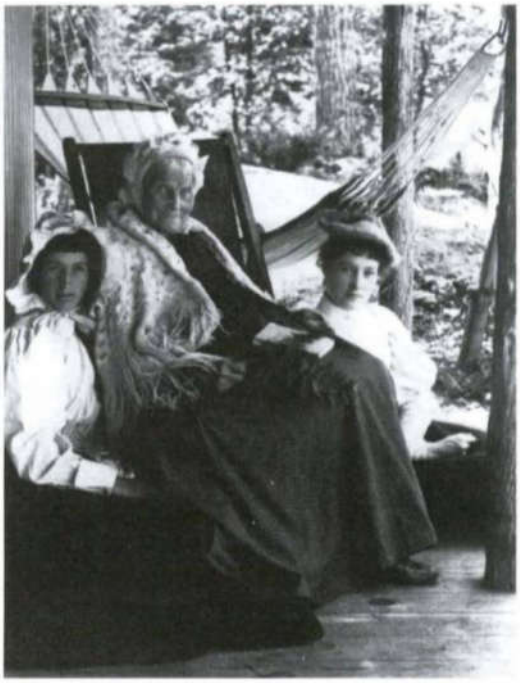
John Rudolphus Booth: "King of the Workaholics".

The World of Letters

Father Joseph-Etienne Guinard of Quebec published his life's work, *Les noms indiens de mon pays* (*The Indian names of my country*) in 1960 at the age of 94. At the age of 93 in 1895 Ontario author Catharine Parr Traill brought out her last book, *Cat and Cradle Stories*. Veteran British Columbia journalist Bruce Hutchison wrote his second novel at the age of 93 in 1991. In this tradition let us include a living example, Grant MacEwan, Alberta's beloved former Lieutenant Governor, who in 1995 at 93, published his new study of the buffalo in Western Canada. It joins over 50 previous volumes of his.

Grant MacEwan: a tireless author.

National Archives



Catharine Parr Traill with granddaughters, circa 1890.

Political Involvement

Manitoban Amelia Burritt strongly believed in the need for women to have the vote. In 1915 at the age of 94, she alone gathered on a petition over 4,000 signatures.

Halifax merchant Enos Collins so detested the idea of Confederation he actively worked to fight it. Anti-Confederate Joseph Howe said of him in 1864: "Enos Collins, who is now 90 years of age ... declares that, if he was twenty years younger, he would take a rifle and resist it." In 1991 at age 95, Douglas Campbell, a former Liberal Premier of Manitoba, joined the Reform Party.

Provincial Archives of Manitoba

Amelia Burritt: votes for women.

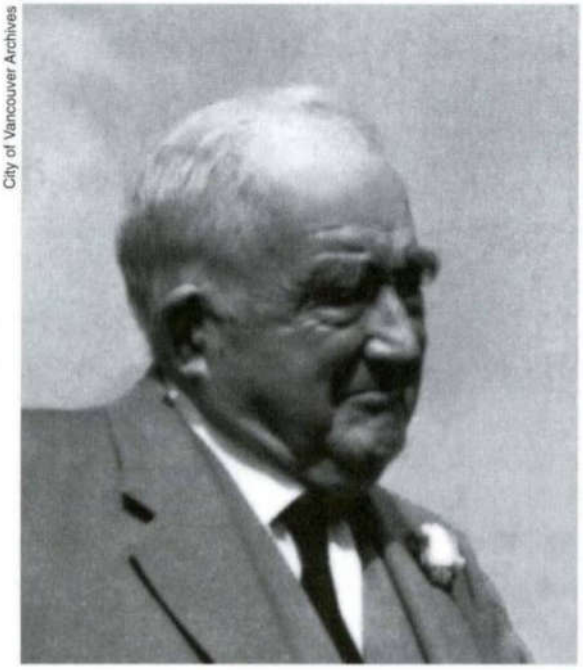
Sports

Former Ontario Indian Agent Thomas Anderson joined the YMCA in 1871 at the age of 92 and remained a member to his death at 96. But his record, and all others in Canada's sports longevity field, are eclipsed by Herman (Jackrabbit) Smith Johannsen of Quebec. Born in 1875 in Norway, he came to Canada at age 44 in 1919, and pioneered in all forms of skiing, participating regularly past 100. In his last winter, at age 110, he skied a short distance at Sun Valley, Idaho. "Jackrabbit" gave his name in 1979 to a nationwide children's ski program, and lived to over 111.

Libraries and Archives

Richard Gavin Reid, Premier of Alberta (1934-35) ran the reference library of Canadian Utilities Limited in Edmonton from the age of 72 until he reached 95. The year he retired he still went to his desk around 10:00 a.m., and worked through until about 4:30 p.m. At age 51 Vancouver businessman Major J.S. Matthews began the City of Vancouver Archives and served until his death at 92 in 1970.

City of Vancouver Archives



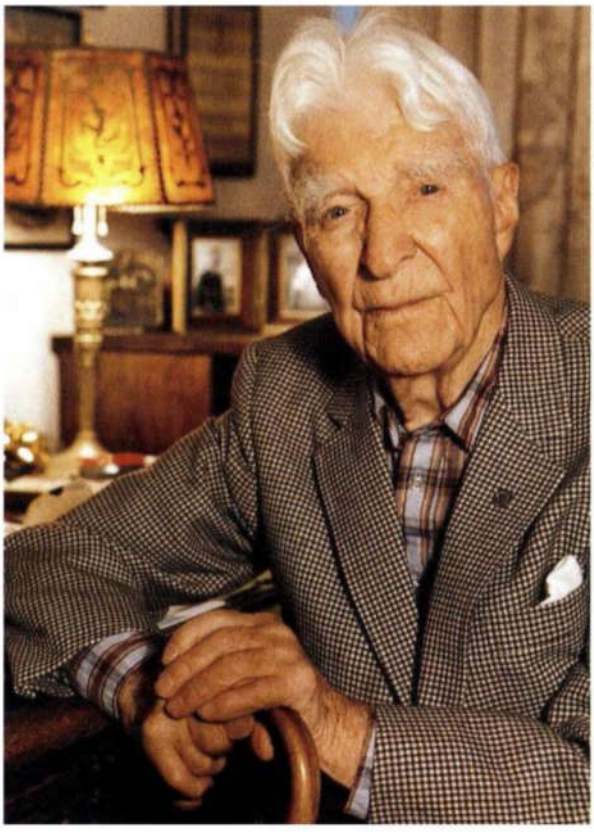
Major J.S. Matthews: Preserving Vancouver's past.

"Stay active, exercise your mind, take an interest in the world."

— Dr. Gordon Fahrni

Felix Shaw, called "Old Akenum", canoeman, born at Fort Vermilion around 1820, died at Peace River in 1928, after being on the Hudson's Bay Company payroll for about 95 years.

Ian Smith, Vancouver Sun

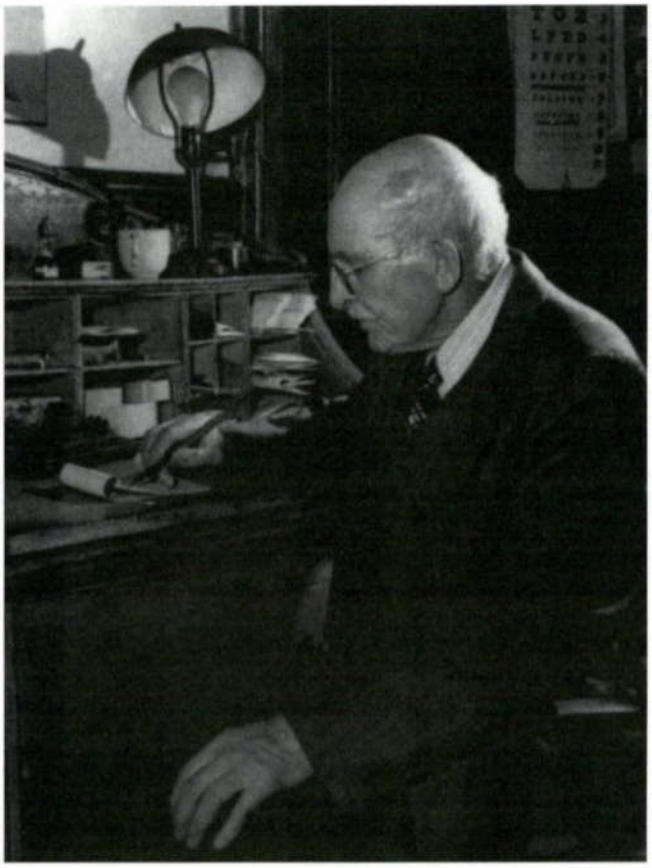


Dr. Gordon Fahrni busy in 1992, aged 105.

Medicine

Dr. Roddie MacDonald of Prince Edward Island kept his medical practice to the age of 98, at which time (in 1956) he stopped driving his car and making housecalls. He had delivered 4,000 babies, a figure exceeded, however, by his Nova Scotian colleague, Dr. Samuel Williamson, who at the age of 91 in 1959 was still practising medicine on a limited basis in Yarmouth. Over 63 years he delivered 5,000 babies.

In Sackville, New Brunswick, Dr. E.R.K. Hart established in 1898 his dental practice. In 1971 at the age of 97 he still worked in his original office. His patient Georgiana Johnson of the Drew Nursing Home visited him that year to have a tooth extracted. The editor of the local paper commented: "We don't know which is the more remarkable, a dentist of 97 years or a woman of 90 having her own teeth."



Prince Edward Island Archives

Dr. Roddie MacDonald was still seeing patients at age 98.

A Role Model for Baby Boomers in the Twenty-First Century

Many communities in Canada can cite the examples of active women and men in their 80s and beyond who have made or are making important contributions. One in Vancouver quickly comes to mind: Dr. Gordon Fahrni. I interviewed him at the apartment where he lived on his own in 1992. My five-year-old son came with me. A hundred years separated Peter from the oldest doctor in Canada. My son and I arrived at 10:00 a.m. that August morning. Dr. Fahrni, an ardent golfer, had already been up since 6:00 a.m. watching the PGA tournament on television. He explained that he has always risen early, a habit of his boyhood on a Manitoba farm.

When he was born in 1887 Dr. Fahrni had only a one-in-three chance of living to age 65, and almost no chance of reaching 100. The distinguished surgeon beat the odds. After 28 years teaching at the University of Manitoba Medical School Dr. Fahrni, an internationally recognized thyroid surgeon, moved to Vancouver in 1951. He practised surgery there until his retirement in 1965, at 82. But, as he counselled all seniors, he stayed active in his retirement. Until the age of 104 he continued to play golf. At 105 he played bridge every week.

Upon his arrival in Vancouver, Dr. Fahrni had become involved in the campaign to build affordable senior citizens' housing in the city. The B.C. Housing Foundation helped by community service groups, built Lions View, a complex for over 100 people. Now free of his medical practice he served as the Foundation's President from 1965 to 1969. After his presidency he remained actively involved. By 1992 the Foundation's responsibility had extended to over ten locations.

What advice did he provide for seniors in our interview in 1992? "Stop talking about your age. Stay active. Do what you can physically, even if it is only to wash your own teeth in the morning. Exercise your mind. If you can, read the paper. Take an interest in the world."

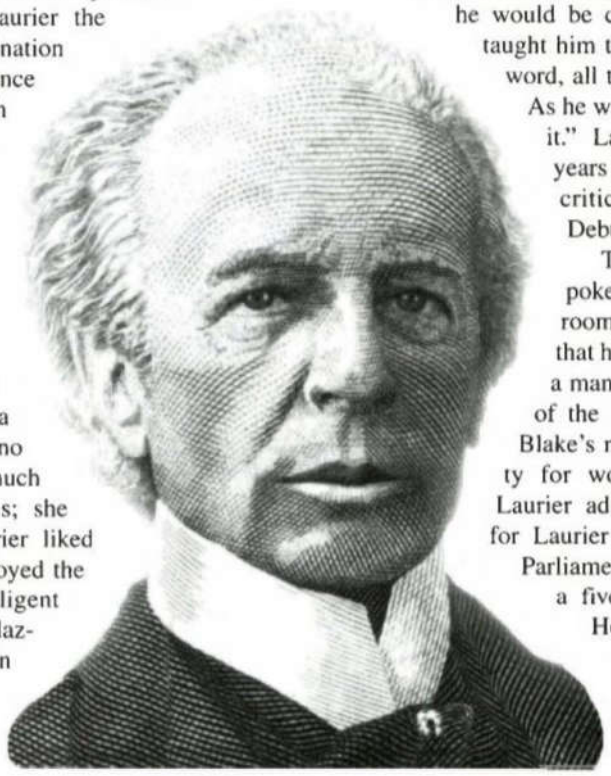
I noted the following year a Canadian Press story in the *Calgary Herald* (14 April 1993), "MD keeps busy at 106 years old". The report mentioned his secret for a long life: "Get out, keep busy and mix with people". Canada's oldest physician died on 3 November 1995, at the age of 108. ◆

Donald B. Smith teaches Canadian history at the University of Calgary, and is the co-author (with R. Douglas Francis and Richard Jones) of "Destinies: Canadian History Since Confederation", and "Origins: Canadian History to Confederation".

P.B. Waite looks back at

Quebec's Laurier ...

There's no better way to get at Wilfrid Laurier than taking a good look at him on our current $5 bill. It's the best of the prime ministerial portraits on our money. (His opponent, Sir Robert Borden, is the second best, on the $100 bill.) Laurier's portrait conveys Laurier the poet, Laurier the dreamer, as well as his determination and his resilience. His intelligence shines; he is what the French call fine, elegant, fastidious, cultivated.



Part of Laurier's cultivation seems to have come from Émilie Lavergne. Laurier was a small-town country lawyer, who married Zoé Lafontaine of Montreal in 1868, and they lived happily in Arthabaskaville, nourishing a small practice. There were no children. Zoé did not grow much except perhaps in avoirdupois; she was not an intellectual. Laurier liked women, and all his life he enjoyed the company of witty and intelligent ones. Émilie Lavergne was dazzling; just back from Paris in 1876, 30 years old, not beautiful but splendid for all that. She married Laurier's law partner Joseph Lavergne. She and Laurier saw much of each other. She was ambitious for him, perhaps to some extent for herself and her husband. She saw Laurier as a young Member of Parliament, naive, indolent, for whom politics was a rather tiresome avocation. Many years later Émilie said: "[Laurier] was still, in certain ways, only the little greenhorn. His wife was not the person who could teach him even those elements of etiquette that a man of the world should know. He did not even know the correct way to eat an orange at table. I made him understand that this lack of etiquette would hamper him among the English elite, with whom he would be called to mingle at Ottawa. I taught him to eat, to dress with taste, in a word, all that a gentleman should know. As he was a man of wit, he understood it." Laurier learned well. In later years he reminded Augustus Bridle, critic for the *Toronto Star*, of Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun*.

Thus, he was not a man for poker with the boys in the back rooms; he could and would leave that heartiness to others. Nor was he a man like his predecessor as leader of the Liberal party, Edward Blake. Blake's massive mind, massive capacity for work, Blake's scrupulousness, Laurier admired and watched. But not for Laurier those blinding hours in the Parliamentary Library to prepare for a five- or six-hour speech in the House of Commons. Laurier did not approach issues that way. He was more apt to sit down and think, try to wrap himself up in his ideas; he believed that men and women, despite their emotions, could be appealed to rationally as sentient but sensible human beings. Given that, how best to deal with issues? He was not much interested, either, in the ruck of tariff legislation, details of railway finance, although he used and manipulated them both for long-term national and political goals.

... Canada's Prime Minister

He was, in other words, something of a dilettante. That was always true of him. He read. Probably no man in Parliament took more new books from the Parliamentary Library, in English and French, than did Laurier. Nevertheless, to portray Laurier as just a man of the study and the drawing room underestimates him. For there was steel in Laurier; he could not have survived 45 years of politics without it. He acquired it first in his battles with the Roman Catholic church to be both a Catholic and a practising Liberal; then, further, his hard-fought sympathy, manfully expressed, for minorities outside Quebec — French, or native or Metis. He knew what it was like to be under the dominance of an unsympathetic majority: in Quebec under the long political dominance of the Church and its cohort, the Conservative party; in Canada under the heavy weight of Anglo-Saxondom.

That weight was growing steadily more heavy and aggressive from the mid-1880s until after Laurier's death in 1919. Rudyard Kipling enjoyed the far reaches of imperialism, but he warned in 1897 of the evanescence of its pride and boastfulness:

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!...

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

A singular irony for Laurier was his knighthood at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 which he did not want and yet which he felt he could not with decency refuse. Still more, the following year, his postmaster general, William Mulock out of Simcoe County and Toronto, produced the first large Canadian pictorial stamp at Christmas 1898 to celebrate Imperial Penny Postage. Laurier saw it and accepted it: a big blue Mercator world, with the British Empire splashed boldly across it in red, with Canada, Australia, South Africa enormous and glowing in a world that appeared to be pre-empted by Britishness. Rubbing it in was the rubric underneath, "We hold a vaster Empire than has been." Add to that the triumphs of Yankee English of 1898, American acquisition of Hawaii, the Philippines, its rescue of Cuba from the Spanish Empire (*Cuba libre!*). And the Boer War was coming in 1899. Thus in Laurier's political maturity, from the time he was 45 years of age until he died, he had to live with this tremendous and increasing weight of English, English language, British imperialism, British insensitivity to other nations and other languages. He carried that from the 1880s until his death. It never let up.

It never let up because it was at once transmuted into Ontario's political ideology, its imperial propensities. The Orange Order was no longer a main problem for Liberals in Ontario; it was slowly decaying. But Britishness was not. Even a decade after Laurier's death Ontario school readers still carried as frontispiece a full-colour picture of the Union Jack; the rubric underneath, "One Flag, One Fleet, One Throne".

If one were French-Canadian, embedded in 150 years of French-Canadian tradition, French style, French esprit, inside that close French world of Quebec, how could one manage to live with those noisy, vulgar, aggressive, accounting-minded English-Canadians? Think of those long French-Canadian memories: Robert de Roquebrune (1889-1978) published in the 1950s a luminous inner look at French-Canadian life, *Testament de mon enfance*, one of the most elegant and charming works ever to come out of French Canada. Robert de Roquebrune's grandfather, Louis de Roquebrune, had fought against the British in the rebellions of 1837-8 and in 1840 married the young woman who had helped him, Henriette Hertel de Rouville. Robert's father was brought up on those memories; around the manor house at L'Assomption he would sing to himself the haunting and plaintive song his father had taught him out of the rebellion of 1838, when French-Canadians were exiled to Australia:

Un Canadien errant,
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant
Des pays étrangers.

Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va dire à mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux.

Robert de Roquebrune grew up surrounded with such memories. So did many another French-Canadian.

Laurier's Political Power

Laurier had become leader of the Liberal party in 1887. Edward Blake selected him and foisted him on a hesitant party as the best possible man available. Laurier did not want the leadership; he protested that his health was indifferent, his money was lacking, besides in the aftermath of the Riel affair the party should not have a French-Canadian as leader. Blake insisted and Blake had his way. In the next general election, 1891, Laurier got 37 of Quebec's 65 seats. Five years later in 1896, the election that made him Prime Minister, Laurier won 49 of the 65.

It sounds decisive, and in parliamentary terms, it was. The overall result in 1896 was 118 Liberal seats, 88

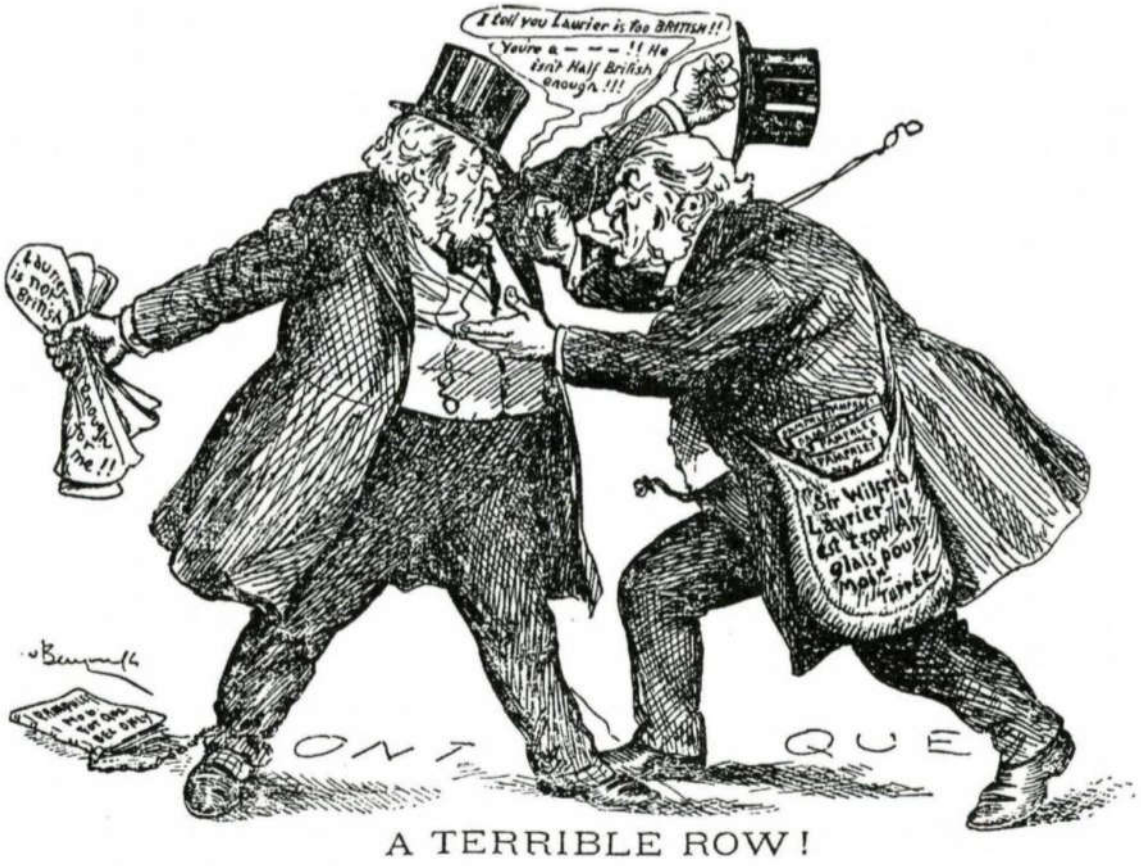
Conservative, with seven going to fringe parties. It was a clear and workable Liberal majority. But the odd thing was that in this 1896 election the Conservatives under Sir Charles Tupper won the most votes, 46.1% as against the Liberals' 45.1% . That was the result of aberrations, still with us, created by single-member constituencies. Laurier's 49 Quebec seats were won only by 53.5% of the Quebec vote. It was too early to talk yet of a solid Liberal Quebec! Laurier also won the West, that is the West from the western border of Manitoba to British Columbia. There were only 10 seats in Parliament for that vast territory. Laurier took seven. For the centre of English Canada, Ontario, Laurier did well breaking even with the Conservatives, partly on the strength of old loyalties to Edward Blake, as well as developing ones to Laurier.

In the election of 1900 maladroit moves by Ontario Conservatives attacking Laurier for his record on the Boer War gave Laurier an almost total sweep of Quebec, 57 of its 65 seats, and 56% of the popular vote there. That was the beginning of a solid Liberal Quebec. In 1896, Ontario was divided evenly between Liberals and Conservatives, but in 1900, perhaps as a result of the Boer War, Ontario gave the Conservatives 55 seats to Laurier's 37. In the next two elections those proportions would continue. Laurier did not seem able to increase Liberal party strength in Ontario.

Quebec and Bourassa

Laurier believed that Quebec was the very cornerstone of his hold on power, the basis of his premiership. Anything that threatened was dangerous. One threat was a young, talented, vigorous, self-indulgent grandson of Louis-Joseph Papineau, Henri Bourassa.

His mother was Azélie Papineau, who died in 1869 when Bourassa was six months old, who had married an artist and writer, Napoleon Bourassa. Henri Bourassa (nickname, "Castor") was elected in the 1896 election for Labelle, north of the Ottawa River. He was both a strong Catholic and a Liberal, a combination suspect among the hard-bitten old Liberals at *La Patrie*, their Montreal newspaper. Laurier joked about it. "*Bourassa est un monstre; c'est un castor rouge; je n'en avais*


I tell you Laurier is too BRITISH!!
You're a — — —!! He isn't Half British enough !!!
Laurier is not British enough for me !!
Sir Wilfrid Laurier est trop Anglais pour moi
ONT
QUE

A TERRIBLE ROW!

Laurier too British? Not British enough? Conservative leader Sir Charles Tupper, arguing with himself, discovers that an appreciation of Laurier's position depends, to some extent, on which province you happen to be speaking in. Cartoon by J.W. Bengough, the "Globe", 1900.

encore jamais vu." ("Bourassa's a monster; he's a red Castor; I've never seen one of those things!")

Bourassa was no laughing matter. Earnest, intelligent, dedicated, high-minded, he put principle before politics. When the South African war broke out in October 1899, English Canada, with the Conservative party in the van, leapt to arms. Laurier had not had any great interest in the Boer War; if anything his sympathies were more apt to be with the Boers than the British. Most of Ontario and the English papers in Montreal wanted to send Canadian military contingents to South Africa at once. French Quebec wanted no part of it. Between these developing diapasons of public opinion on either side of him, Laurier was fairly caught. There was an urgent meeting at Israel Tarte's house in Ottawa of the leading French-Canadian MPs. Laurier had by this time made up his mind on a line of compromise. He presented his colleagues, as had become his habit after three years as prime minister, not so much with a question to discuss, as a decision to ratify. Rodolphe Lemieux, young MP for Gaspé, made a pun. "*Le vin est tiré; il faut le boer* [boire]." But Bourassa was beyond puns or jokes. Serious issues were rarely subjects for pleasantries with Bourassa. "M. Laurier," said Bourassa, "are you taking any account at all of the opinion of Quebec?" Laurier replied, "Mon cher Henri, Quebec has no opinion; it has only sentiments." Bourassa was not to be put off like that. He made his point again. Laurier replied, "My dear Henri, the circumstances are difficult ..." The crispness and force of Bourassa's rejoinder comes across best in French:

> C'est parce que les circonstances sont difficiles que je vous demande de rester fidèle à votre parole. Gouverner, c'est avoir assez de coeur pour savoir, à un moment donné, risquer le pouvoir pour sauver un principe.
>
> (It's because the circumstances are difficult that I ask you to stay faithful to your word. To govern means to have enough courage to know when to risk power in order to save a principle.)

Never had the group heard such language from such a young MP directed at Laurier. Laurier was too civilized to take a high hand with him; besides, Laurier loved Bourassa like a son, and would all his life, despite the things Bourassa would say and do. And Bourassa knew that. Laurier breathed a reply, "*Ah mon cher ami, vous manquez d'esprit pratique*." Bourassa warned Laurier that he would not follow him on that issue nor would Quebec. Bourassa resigned his House of Commons seat in October 1899, to be re-elected in January 1900 as an independent; he was re-elected in 1904 as a Liberal. Bourassa was not easy to control. He appealed to extreme intellectual positions that Laurier could not believe had political relevance, and he founded in 1910 a Montreal newspaper, *Le Devoir* (Duty) that would continue to make life difficult for Laurier. The symbol of Bourassa and *Le Devoir* was the rubric under the masthead, "*Fais ce que Dois*", ("Do what you Ought"). Bourassa was by then out of Parliament but at the desk of *Le Devoir* he was not out of Laurier's life. By that time Bourassa was the spokesman for French-Canadian nationalism in Quebec. That mattered politically; Laurier's Liberal candidate lost a by-election in November 1910 in Drummond-Arthabaska to a national-

Artist Henri Julien captures the elusive spirit of gaiety that animated Sir Wilfrid.

ist mainly on the ground that Laurier's new 1910 Canadian Navy would lead to Canada becoming mixed up in British imperial wars. That was Bourassa's doing.

But there were two issues that were still harder for Laurier than the Canadian Navy. The one was the outbreak of the First World War. The second was the Ontario government's determination to "improve" French-Canadian public schools in Ontario.

First World War

When that war came in August 1914, with Britain and France together fighting Germany, Laurier had no hesitations or doubts about where Canada must stand. Even Bourassa who was in France that summer (and narrowly escaped being interned by the Germans) was caught up by the mood in France. Canada had a national duty, Bourassa said, to contribute to the war in the measure of her strength. But as often with Bourassa, qualifications followed. French-Canadian enthusiasm for the war was soon dampened by inept handling of French-Canadian recruits by the Borden government, by the noisy belligerence of the English-Canadian papers, and still more, by the rancorous domestic war over French schools in Ontario, especially in Ottawa and Carleton County.

French-Canadians and Ontario Schools

Since Confederation (indeed, before) English-speaking communities in Quebec controlled their own schools and school boards, right up to the deputy minister level. During the Ontario premiership of Oliver Mowat (1872-1896) whom Laurier much respected, Ontario conceded not an analogous system, but one where French-Canadian students could at least begin school in their own language and eventually by degrees acquire English. As Oliver Mowat put it:

> French Canadians cherish their own language lovingly. Proscribe French ... and they will hate you and have nothing to do with your schools. Permit their own language to receive attention, and they are glad to have their children learn English also as soon and as fast as it can be imparted.

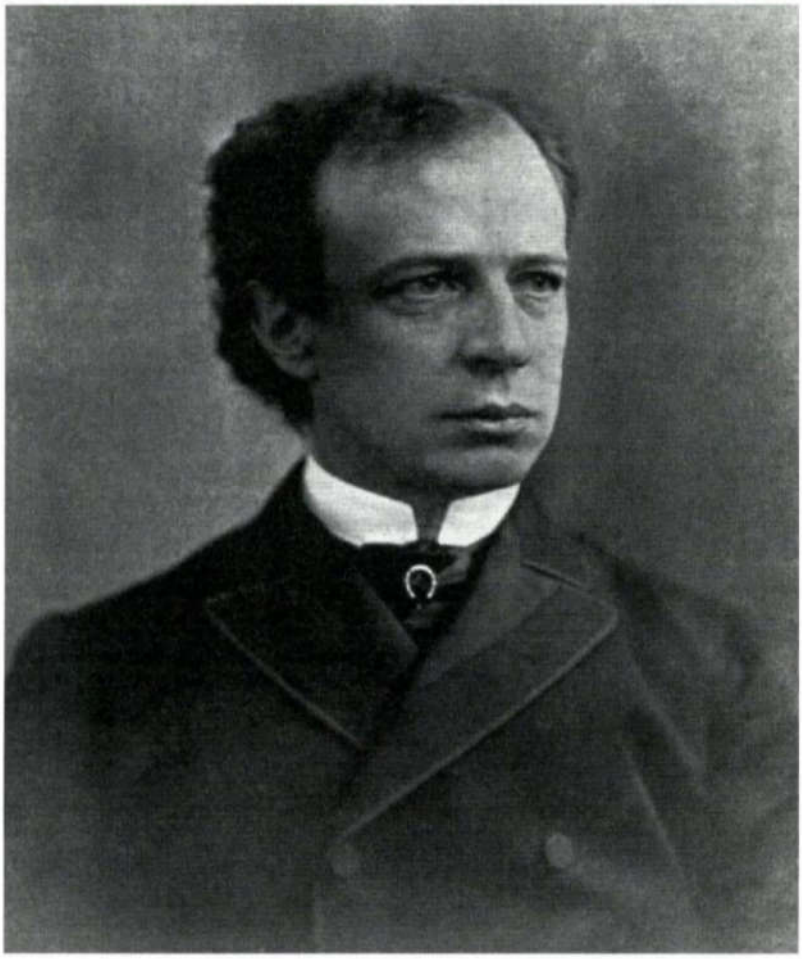
There was abundant good sense in that. The Ontario French teachers were supposed to be bilingual but in country districts around Ottawa, and in northern Ontario, English teaching was not well done. Irish-Catholic parents began to object to the teaching in French and their objections were taken up by an Irish prelate, Bishop Fallon, of London, Ontario, who had once been in Ottawa and knew details. The Conservative government

Émilie Lavergne, friend and mentor.

of Ontario acted. Regulation 17 of 1912 laid down that children who entered school speaking only French could be taught in French only for a year or two, and only where French had hitherto been taught. Furthermore, the Ontario Department of Education, not the local school board, would decide where French was necessary and also where it was not. That was to curb the "spread" of French, feared by English-Ontarians as a miasma slowly but inexorably choking out English. That was ridiculous, but out of such fears are tyrannies made and sustained.

Laurier did not pay much attention to the issue in

1912; he was out of power by then being defeated by Robert Borden on Reciprocity in the election of 1911. But by 1915 all Quebec was aflame with it. Why were French-Canadians in Ontario treated so very differently from English-Canadians in Quebec? A war was being fought for France and for England, and here was an Ontario rule that closed down teaching of French as much as possible, preventing it from being taught in any Ontario school where it had not been taught before June 1912. The rule had been passed and supported by Conservative governments in Ontario, in power from 1905 to 1919. Laurier's Ontario Liberal supporters were embarrassed by Regulation 17 and fallout from it. They told Laurier that the Ontario government was merely trying to correct abuses in the system. In any case education was clearly the responsibility of the Government of Ontario.



Laurier as Leader of the Opposition, 1888, from "Dominion Illustrated".

When Parliament met in 1916 Laurier mounted a campaign to have Regulation 17 ameliorated, perhaps even repealed. The Canadian Parliament had no jurisdiction in the matter, of course; Laurier proposed that the House of Commons simply appeal to the Ontario government to act. Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister, didn't like the idea at all; since Parliament had no jurisdiction in the matter anyway, it should not be debating it. Laurier's reply in the House of Commons was Laurier at his best:

> I do not here and now bring within the purview of this discussion the British North America Act ... Still less do I question the paramount power of the Legislature of Ontario to finally pass judgment upon this question and record the final verdict of its people. I rise, sir, not for the purpose of giving advice or admonition to the province of Ontario. I rise to plead before the people of Ontario, on behalf of His Majesty's subjects of French origin in that province, who complain that ... they have been deprived of rights, in matters of education, which they have enjoyed, themselves and their forefathers.

For 28 years, Laurier said, he had been head of the Liberal party and in many an arduous agitation,

> but I think I can affirm here ... that at no time ... have I appealed either to race or to creed. I have endeavoured on every occasion to find a solution by appealing to the consciences of all men who love freedom, justice and tolerance.

Laurier believed that every child in Ontario, English or French, had to have education in English. But having conceded that, he asked,

> will you refuse us the privilege of education also in the language of our mothers and fathers? That is all I ask today ... I simply ask you, my fellow countrymen, British subjects like myself, if, when we say that we must have an English education you will say, "You shall have an English education and nothing else?" (House of Commons Debates, 10 May 1916.)

It was a good debate on both sides of the House of Commons, compassionate, dignified and reasonable. Laurier had touched his listeners, but he had not been

able to shake their innermost convictions. Laurier lost that vote, for although his Ontario Liberal supporters loved him, on that issue they found it difficult to follow him. They would have voted for him if he had asked them to. On an issue like that Laurier, however, would not command, he would only appeal. That speech of 1916 epitomizes Laurier, his ideas, his principles, his self-sacrifice.

Laurier's Triumph, 1917-1919

In the following year, 1917, with conscription threatened, Laurier refused a coalition offered by Borden though the terms were generous. In return Laurier would have had to accept conscription, and that would have been a denial of everything he stood for. It would besides

Laurier by Henri Julien.

have destroyed the base of his party in the province of Quebec. The truth was that by this time the Conservative government of Robert Borden was bleeding badly. The Conservatives could probably not have won a general election. Laurier was confident that if he could manage to hold the Liberal party together, they would win the 1917 election. But the unscrupulous Wartime Elections Act of August 1917, that gave the vote to female relatives of soldiers and disenfranchised Canadian citizens of Austrian or German origin naturalized since 1902, was devastating to Liberals. It was legislation that savoured more of Communists than Conservatives. It was this legislation, evidence of a certain Conservative ruthlessness that used every means to win, that persuaded a section of the Liberal party that they could not now carry an election. They agreed to accept Borden's terms for a Union government.

Borden won in December 1917. The Union government took only 3 seats in Quebec, but substantially improved their standing elsewhere. Laurier had 62 Quebec seats, and only 20 in all the other provinces when the election of 17 December 1917 was over. But for the Conservative party, it was a Pyrrhic victory. By the summer of 1918, before the war was over, Liberals began drifting back to Laurier. He had never read them out of the party. He believed they would return. He knew the pressures that had forced them to go over, even if temporarily, to the Conservatives. There would be no recriminations. As Kirk Cameron of Montreal once said of him, "No man ever left the presence of Laurier humiliated."

Over the winter of 1918-1919 the Liberal party gradually gathered strength. Laurier announced there would be a national convention of the party in 1919. He was not resigning the leadership of the party; not yet, that would be something unspoken on the agenda for the coming Liberal convention. Laurier was 77 years old and beginning to feel it, but was basically in good form. He arranged a meeting of his senior colleagues for 17 February; Parliament was due to open on 20 February. He was working in his office, Saturday afternoon, 15 February, when suddenly he was overcome by a dizzy spell. He shrugged it off, caught the street-car at the corner and made his way home. He was dressing for mass on the Sunday morning, when he was felled by a second stroke; in the early evening he was conscious enough to say that he was not as ill as people thought. Then came the third stroke. That was the end.

Laurier's Legacy

Laurier was dead, but his party lived and grew stronger. The Union government could not long survive. The real legatee of Laurier's ideas, his principles, his generosity, his courage, his sacrifice, his control now of Quebec, was whomever would be the leader elected at the Liberal convention. That was held in August 1919. Clear now of the divisions created by the war, its base in Quebec stronger than ever it had been, the Liberal party of Laurier would last a very long time.

Laurier's principle on difficult issues was compromise, to be as diplomatic and soft-spoken as possible. There were few confrontations, political or otherwise, that in Laurier's view could not be settled by compromise. It was not always very satisfying; there was little sense of triumph, and the details were often troublesome and nagging; compromise was however the only route

The young Laurier raises the banner of Liberalism.

for Canadian politicians, especially for the Prime Minister, caught between French and English, between an aggressive British imperialism and at the same time a growing Canadian nationalism. Lord Minto (Governor General 1898-1904) noted the problem in October 1901:

> The genuine feeling of love for the old country is so mixed up with an intense sensibility of anything that can be construed into Imperial interference, that it is difficult to say which is the strongest factor.

Minto liked Laurier, whom he found "a delightful personality, and I always find him charming to deal with but he is not a strong man, he is anxious to take life easily and generally inclined to agree all round." That Laurier was inclined to take life easily was true, but the rest was illusion. It says more about Minto than Laurier; in such encounters Laurier was so much the diplomat that Minto believed that he had won, whereas almost always Laurier had. Laurier's easy-going appearance and quiet manner were very deceptive.

When diplomacy did not succeed there was always the first cousin of compromise, procrastination. Laurier was master of that too, especially when the Governor General would make some issues difficult to refuse point blank, but which were extremely inconvenient politically. At such times Laurier would purse his lips, take out his notebook, and write down the Governor General's request, leaving the Governor General — in this case Minto's successor, Earl Grey (1904-1911) — with the distinct impression that it would be brought before Cabinet within the next week, or even the next day. Then nothing would happen. A few months later the Governor General would raise it again. Laurier would purse his lips, take out his notebook ...

Laurier's successor was of course Mackenzie King, not a bad hand at compromise himself, a skillful and deft tactician, with an inner core of ruthlessness. Laurier's Quebec would deliver all 65 Quebec seats to the Liberals in the 1921 general election, and would keep King in power from 1921 until King chose to retire in 1948, except for a blip in 1926, and the five years between 1930 and 1935, the latter deprivation a blessing in disguise. And despite Laurier's prediction that a French-Canadian could never again lead the Liberal party, a French-Canadian did just that, and very well, Louis St. Laurent from 1948 to 1957. From 1921 to 1957, minus five years, is a very long run. And the Liberal party's political fortunes would continue long after that. It was thus Laurier who made possible the success of the twentieth-century Liberal party. It was no mean achievement for a courtly, quiet, indolent country lawyer from small-town Quebec. ◆

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OBJECTIONS TO CONFEDERATION

The idea of a union of the British North American colonies was not unanimously accepted in the years before 1867. Christopher Moore tells the story of the disapproving Uncles of Confederation in our October / November issue.

The Sport of Kings in Victorian Canada

By Glen Mikkelsen

Manes streaming, hooves flying, riders bouncing — the spectacle of horses and their drivers charging to the finish line was a sight familiar to most Victorian Canadians. They loved to race horses. Racing was a common experience, and a thread that brought communities together across the growing country.

Today, it is difficult to understand how pervasive horses once were, but consider the issue of sanitation. Using an American example, the city of Rochester, New York, at the turn of the century had over 15,000 horses and it was calculated that in one year the beasts "produced enough manure ... to make a pile 175 feet high covering an acre of ground and breeding 16 billion flies."

In Victorian Canada, the beginnings of horse racing rested in Divine inspiration, as the first organized races were steeplechases. The steeplechase originated in Britain, where cavalry officers raced their horses from their barracks to a distant church, the steeple of which was just visible on the horizon. At first, each officer chose his own route; later, they followed a planned course.

The earliest recorded steeplechase in North America occurred in Montreal and was organized by officers of the 7th Hussars (Queen's Own). The December 1840 issue of the *American Turf Register* reported that out of nine entries, the winner was Colonel Whyte of the 7th Hussars on his horse Heretic. The racetrack was described as "circular ... about three miles in length, garnished by several brooks, and no fewer than twenty fences." The Montreal press ignored the race, indicating an initial apathy towards Canadian racing. In 1841 a steeplechase challenge by the Canadian racers to the United States was ignored.

The next reported race was on 9 May 1843, between British and Canadian military men. The race was a success and Lieutenant Lyson remarked "the horses which were acquired from farmers thereabouts were remarkable for their capacity to jump timber fences."

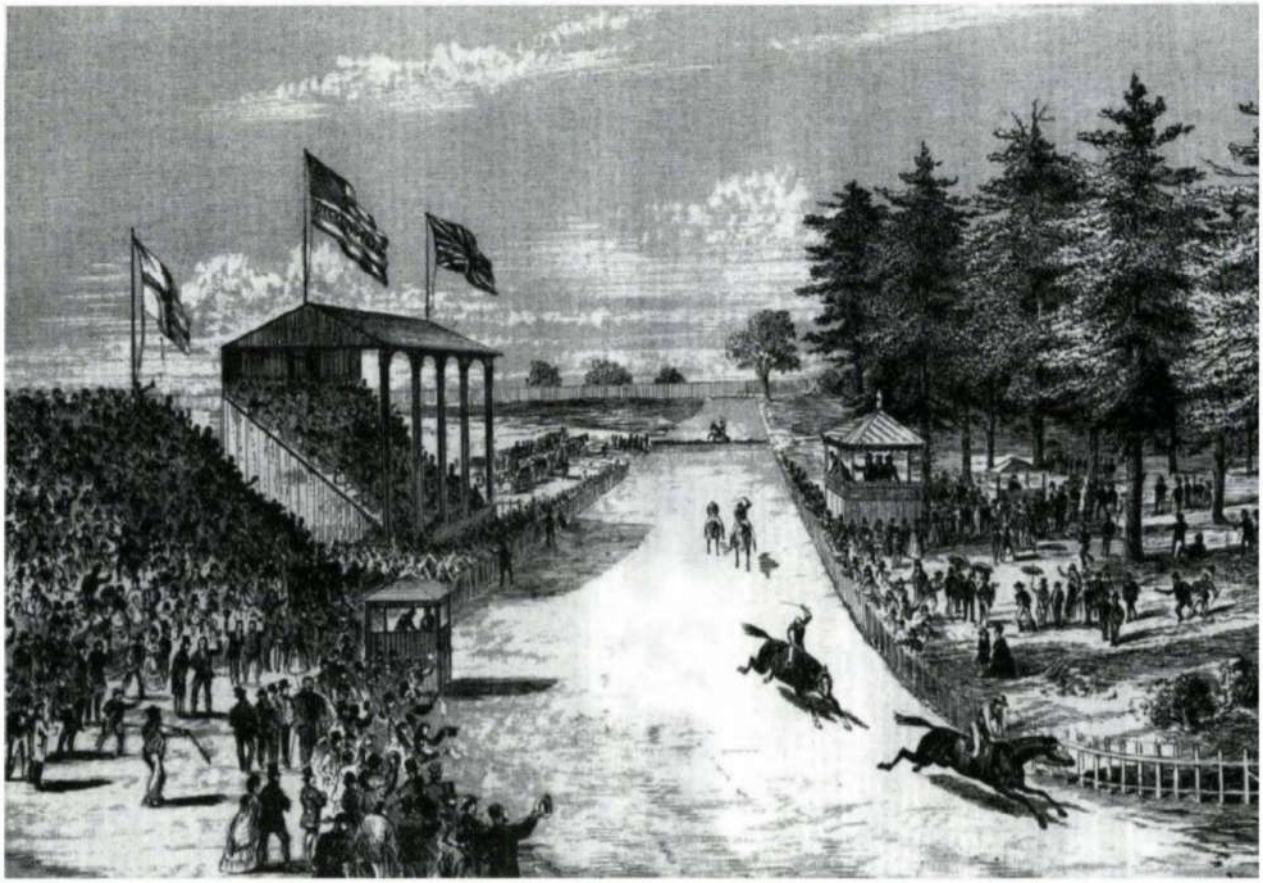
Steeplechases continued throughout the 1800s and were featured in Toronto, Montreal and smaller tracks throughout Canada, but their popularity was slowly shaken by the rise of harness and thoroughbred racing. Steeplechasing could not lose its image of being a sport for the British elite and never found general acceptance in Canada.

Popular Canadian horse racing came mainly in two forms: trotting (and pacing); and flat racing. In Victorian Canada, both types of racing were common, but trotting races, featuring a horse pulling a driver in a vehicle, were more popular.

Canadians loved to test their driving skills. All they needed was a sulky, a buggy or a sleigh. Challenge matches, head-to-head competitions, races in heats, races on the main street, races on frozen lakes and races on prescribed courses were common throughout urban and rural Canada.

One of the most important innovations in harness racing was the pneumatic tire on racing sulkies. Originally the sulkies were of considerable height (around four feet) and had very large wheels and straight shafts. The pneumatic tire, developed in the latter half of the nineteenth century, decreased the size of the wheels and increased speed.

Another unique development was the arrival of the



A fast track, Decker Park, Montreal. From "Canadian Illustrated News," 1871.

"Frenchers", very successful trotting ponies. The Frenchers originated from a cross between European thoroughbreds and the Canadian breed. The Canadians' bloodlines went back to the draught horses, trotters and pacers that had been brought over from Normandy. The Canadians resembled a small Percheron and were an excellent, hardy, general-purpose animal.

Most trotting matches in Victorian Canada were one- to three-day affairs, held on a weekend and attended by the surrounding community. Often the rural races emphasized strength rather than speed, with heats and races four to five miles long. The early history of trotting is rooted in local communities. For example, in 1895 Ontario held 92 summer and winter trotting meets at 72 locations for a total of 134 racing days, while thoroughbred racing only had six meets at four tracks for a total of 39 racing days.

There was no formalized gambling, but bets among owners, backers, and spectators were the norm. These early trotting organizations faced attacks from the protectors of public virtue for perceived corruption, bad management and race-fixing. Throughout the Victorian period racing was often regarded as a shady business, not suitable for gentlemen.

E. King Dodds aptly illustrates in his book, *Canadian Turf Recollections and Other Sketches*, that not all horsemen based their racing on fair play. "Mr. L", a Canadian, went through the United States introducing himself as Brother Wilkins, a travelling preacher who knew little about racing; however, Brother Wilkins deceived the Americans by running a poor first heat (best of three), and then surprisingly would win the next two. In Pennsylvania, this well-connived scheme enabled Wilkins and two of his accomplices to divide up eleven hundred dollars worth of spoils. Despite the protests of moralists, confidence men were a common element at the race track.

Superstitions were another element of the Victorian racing game. Men who were quite rational in their course of existence might avoid meeting a cross-eyed man or woman; avoid betting if they heard a cock crow late the night before a race; avoid the track if they met a yellow dog, a coloured girl or were passed by a girl with red hair.

Canadian trotting races did not have to be formally organized. A race could simply be held between two families as they headed home after their Sunday afternoon sleigh ride. Racing gave people an opportunity to

A close finish, Queen's Plate, Toronto, 1876.

determine who owned the fastest horse and with this victory came prestige.

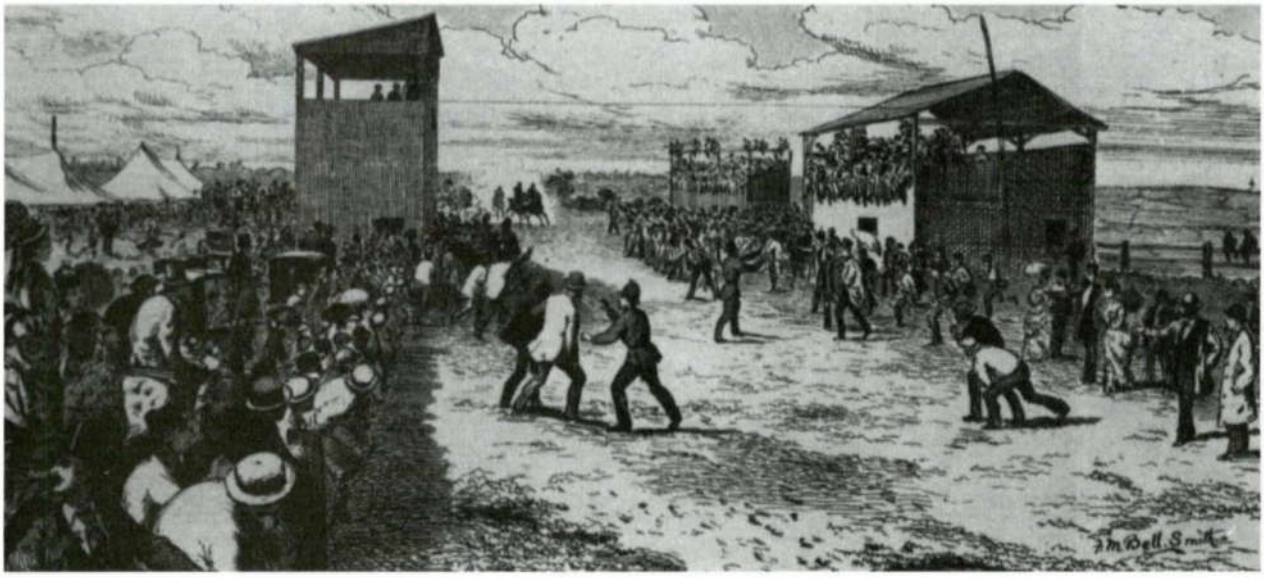
The other popular type of horse racing in Victorian Canada was flat or thoroughbred racing. Indians on the prairies had been racing horses since the 1700s, and ordinary people raced their own horses. As thoroughbred racing developed, however, it became apparent that only the wealthy could support the necessary stables, trainers, jockeys, and racing clubs. The evolution of Canada's most enduring horse race, the Queen's Plate, illustrates the evolution of Canadian racing society.

The first Queen's Plate was held on 27 June 1860 with a purse of 50 guineas donated by the Queen. The race was open to horses of any age, but they must have been bred in Upper Canada and could not have previously won a race. For the next 20 years the annual race was held on various tracks including Carleton, Guelph, Kingston, London, Hamilton and Ottawa.

The distances varied as well. For the first seven runnings it was conducted along the lines of a country-fair harness meeting: the best two of three heats, each at a distance of one mile. The heats were run off consecutively, with a ten-minute respite between each. In 1868 heats were discontinued and for the ensuing four years the race was two miles long. Distances continued to change after 1871, from a mile and three-quarters to a mile and one-eighth, until in 1957, the race was settled at a length of a mile and a quarter.

The growing popularity of thoroughbred racing was seen at the 1868 Queen's Plate. On this glorious summer day 12,000 people attended, the largest crowd yet. One reporter remarked that "racing interest was swelling in the bosoms of fair ladies too." The crowd was so thick that the 13th Hussars had to mount and parade through the crowd to clear the track.

Essential to the development of the Queen's Plate, and



Clearing the track, Newmarket races, 1875.

of horse racing in Eastern Canada, was the establishment of the Ontario Jockey Club in 1881. The key founders of the club were T.C. Patteson, the Toronto postmaster, and Sir Casimir Gzowski, the engineer and railroad-builder.

In 1883, their initiatives became reality. That year, they escorted the Marquis of Lorne, Governor General of Canada, and his wife Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, to the spring races at Toronto's Woodbine Track. The Toronto racing community had received its symbolic royal approval, and racing was now an acknowledged institution in Toronto's upper-class society.

The Governor General returned to London later that year and suggested to Queen Victoria that her personally endowed race would be run more in accordance with her wishes if it were controlled at the headquarters of the Ontario Jockey Club (undoubtedly Patteson and Gzowski encouraged this recommendation). The race was never again moved from Toronto.

By 1883 Gzowski and Patteson felt that their drive for respectability had been accomplished and the Club came under the direction of William Hendrie of Hamilton and Joseph E. Seagram of Waterloo. Both men were devoted to improving the calibre of racing. Seagram, especially, was instrumental in developing racing in Canada. Between 1891 and 1935, in his stable's black and yellow colours, Seagram's horses won the Plate 20 times.

In 1893 the *Toronto Mail* reported: "there is no event of a public nature in the social life of Toronto that brings forth a larger or fuller representation of the city's fashion than a race meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club."

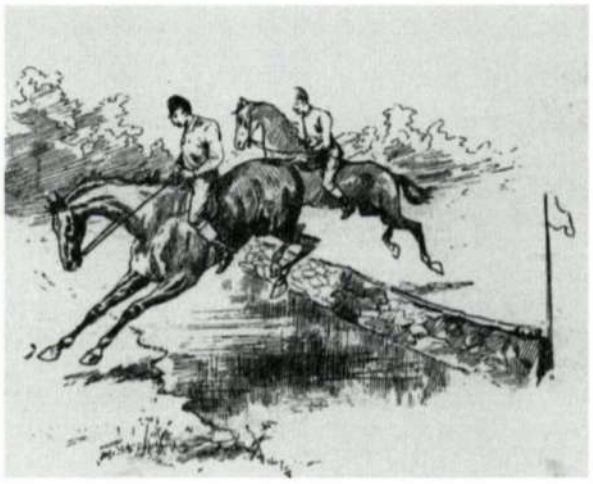
Nevertheless, not all Canadians were pleased. Morally-righteous Victorians were scandalized by the "under the table" gambling that went hand-in-hand with flat racing. When a Hamilton "financial house" (bookie joint) was on the verge of opening in 1892 a local newspaper issued a warning:

> It is said that a pool or commission room is being fitted up on King William Street where those who are inclined to do so may bet on the American and other races. The races are reported from start to finish by a special wire, and the current odds given. Hamilton can get along very well without such an institution. No possible good can come from its establishment, and if it is allowed to flourish many a young man will live to curse the hour he set foot in it.

Righteous Victorians did not accept gambling as an acceptable hobby, but that did not deter many Canadians from betting on the races.

Initially, the bets were simply on a personal basis, people set their own odds and found their own takers, but as racing grew the tradition of British and American bookmakers spread to Canada. At the 1904 Queen's Plate, 27 bookmakers served "a surging mass of perspiring humanity that literally fought to place money ... the fair sex almost as enthusiastic as the men."

The popularity of gambling on the horses continued to grow across the country. In 1909 it was estimated that over $22 million was gambled in Canada, and as the practice moved away from the control of the "socially acceptable", the Government of Canada decided to seize control of this profitable passion.



Over the water, Montreal Hunt Club meeting, 1890.

The year 1911 saw the introduction of pari-mutuel wagering and as a reporter of the *Toronto News* remarked, "Most of the play on Saturday was at the two-dollar machines, and the crowding and confusion in the eastern corner was enough to make a saint swear."

The development of organized racing in Toronto went on to affect the shape of horse racing across Canada. Decisions made for the Queen's Plate, such as pari-mutuel betting, directly influenced the racing rules adopted by tracks across the country.

Horse racing has always been a dangerous and exhilarating sport. Victorian Canadians, despite their reputation for propriety, supported and participated in this lively pastime. They created the foundations for racing's continued success. The horse was an element of Victorian popular culture all Canadians knew, and an animal whose fascination lingers with us today. ◆

Glen Mikkelsen is Exhibitions Co-ordinator at the Kelowna Museum, Kelowna, British Columbia.

'A Glorified Stall'

Newfoundlanders rant and roar over Confederation, etc. 1946-48

By C.J. Fox

At noon on Wednesday, 11 September 1946 my father, Mr. Justice Cyril James Fox of Newfoundland's Supreme Court, convened the first political assembly elected in the British colony since self-rule was suspended and a "Commission of Government" instituted for the then-prostrate country a dozen years before.

The assembly of which Judge Fox served as chairman half a century ago was no legislature, although it met in the same stately old edifice where Newfoundland lawmakers had carried on their stormy proceedings before Britain imposed its direct rule in 1934. Instead, this was a "National Convention" whose job it was "to examine the position of the country and to make recommendations to His Majesty's Government as to the possible forms of future government to be put before the people at a national referendum."

Some two months into the Convention, my father, aged 57, collapsed and died, his gentlemanly arrangements for the assembly's conduct imperilled by its increasing turbulence and polarization. The succeeding 14 months brought new waves of bitter debate and committee wrangling, interspersed with hotly-disputed missions by fact-finding delegations of the Convention to London and Ottawa. At its conclusion in January 1948, the Convention recommended that a choice between the Commission and "Responsible Government as it existed prior to 1934" be offered to Newfoundlanders at the projected referendum.

Instead of accepting this recommendation, Britain decided that union with Canada should also go on the ballot. Consequently, even before the two referendum rounds of mid-1948 finally produced a narrow majority in favour of confederation, arguments that surge on to this day had erupted over the Convention. Had it been an authentic stage in the process of deciding Newfoundland's destiny or a mere time-buying charade behind which the absorption into Canada predetermined by London and Ottawa (and acquiesced in by the United States) was made a reality? The latter verdict — cast in the sedate language of Academe, to be sure — has gained plausibility from the findings of historians in recent decades.

"The Convention did not indeed achieve anything very tangible," admits James K. Hiller in introducing a new and complete printing of that protracted war of words over a country's future. Hiller, Professor of History at Memorial University of Newfoundland, suggests that the Convention was intended as "a vehicle of political education" in a country divested of democracy for a generation. "It is arguable that in this sense the Convention was a significant success."

On the other hand, the 79-year-old Michael F. Harrington, Hiller's partner in editing the extraordinary two-volume work now published for Memorial by McGill-Queen's University Press, writes with far less detachment than does Professor Hiller, for Harrington bears the bitter memories of one who was a Convention protagonist in an ultimately losing cause. In his Personal Memoir, he speaks bluntly of "confederate propaganda and political skulduggery", but he also assails what he calls the failure of other anti-confederate Convention members to act in resolute accord with him against the gathering pro-Canadian forces early in the assembly's life.

Strikingly different in spirit the Hiller and Harrington essays may be, but the tomes they preface — the first totalling 1,458 double-columned pages of verbal proceedings, the second a slimmer volume crowded with Convention reports and papers — make an appetizing slab of raw history. Especially when joined to the still-extant audio recordings of the debates as broadcast by radio in Newfoundland hours after they took place, the two books provide a Golden Anniversary monument such as few events in that era of Canadian (or, in this case, pre-Canadian) history have enjoyed. Open Volume One at random and out the vocables spill in vivid, often-violent abandon, seething not only with the now-cele-

brated vigour of Newfoundland speech but also with the virulence typical of political discourse on "the Rock".

As long ago as 1859, that strange cultural seer, Count Gobineau, noted approvingly during a diplomatic expedition to Newfoundland for France that politics on the island had a locally fixated fervour worthy of the ancient Greek republics and expressive of the "brutal natures", each of them a colossus, who peopled the outlandish place. Physically Joseph R. Smallwood was no colossus, but this diminutive bow-tied tribune of the confederate cause, chain-smoking and verbally seething day and night, was an undoubted prodigy. "Joey" was the warrior imp charged up with Machiavellian guile as against the heavyweight bellicosity of his arch-enemy on the Responsible Government (or Independence) side, Peter J. Cashin. Their clashes are a resounding main attraction of *The Newfoundland National Convention, 1946-1948*, a political Chaplin-versus-Keystone Kop spectacular.

"This whole Convention and plebiscite scheme, dressed up in the trappings of democracy, is nothing more or less than a glorified stall," bellowed Cashin, who was still lionized as "the Major" 30 years after his service in the First World War and looked every inch the Gobineau colossus. Even Smallwood called him "Major", but not when he was needling his burly antagonist after being himself accused of offering Canadian senatorships as bait to potential confederates. "I like Mr. Cashin," Smallwood brayed tauntingly across the resplendent legislative chamber. "I enjoy him. He fascinates me ... I have no more senatorships to offer. I'm sorry, but I promise him faithfully that if I should ever become Prime Minister of Canada I'll see that he is taken care of. I'll see that he is fixed up. I'll see that he gets a position fully in keeping with his parliamentary background. I'll make him Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. I'd give anything to see him all togged off in those dinky black pantaloons and three-cornered hat."

Earlier Cashin, an admirable bloodhound never put off by such sallies, had demanded an explanation of Smallwood's senatorial offers and vowed that "we are going to get it." "You'll get it!" shot back Joey, at which point my father, according to the newly published proceedings, remonstrated from the Chair: "Please, gentlemen, I want this debate conducted without the interchange of personalities." The fact was that father showed no favouritism to Peter Cashin even though (perhaps because) the Major was his brother-in-law.

My mother's brother (their late father, Sir Michael Cashin, had been Prime Minister of Newfoundland) was finance minister as the Great Depression overwhelmed the independent government of "Britain's Oldest Colony" in the early 1930s. Then Uncle Peter decamped for a miscellaneous business career in Montreal while the institution he loathed most — the Commission of Government — was being set up. He returned in 1942

Memorial University Archives

Mr. Justice Fox presiding over the National Convention, the microphones on hand to bring proceedings by radio to the country at large.

A Newfoundland Chronology

1854: *Responsible Government granted to the oldest British colony.*

1860s: *Newfoundland declines to join Confederation.*

1894: *Canada rejects a Newfoundland proposal to join Confederation.*

1934: *Newfoundland virtually bankrupt. Britain suspends "Dominion status" and imposes Government by Commission from London "until such time as the country again becomes self-supporting and at the request of the people."*

1946: *National Convention convened to make recommendations as to Newfoundland's future form of government.*

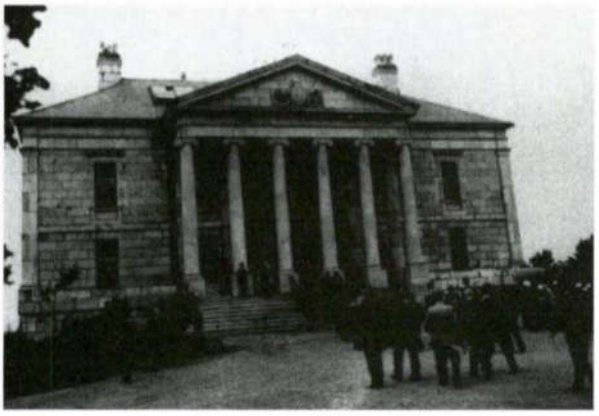
1949: *Newfoundland becomes Canada's tenth province.*

Memorial University Archives

A stylishly attired Michael Harrington, left, then a member of the Convention and now an editor of the new Convention books, shakes hands with fellow-member Percy Figary on opening day, 11 September 1946.

and by 1945 was lambasting the Commission as the "Voice of Liberty", a radio campaign which helped rekindle the democratic fires of Newfoundlanders after years of benign but stultifying oligarchy. Soon meeting halls resounded again to his thunderous provocations.

One British operative loftily dubbed the Major an "attractive rascal". Nonetheless he had become, for these Convention years at least, the dominant political figure among Newfoundland's Irish-Catholics. And when he inveighed against the alleged plot to manoeuvre Newfoundland into the "Canadian mouse-trap", more than a few Protestants in the tightly demarcated island society joined in the huzzas. Sectarianism here, however strong, fell short of its Ulster prototype.



Memorial University Archives

The Colonial Building, St. John's, the old legislative centre where the Newfoundland National Convention was held. Members and guests are entering for the Convention's inaugural session, 11 September 1946.

To many Newfoundlanders in the early 1940s, Canada seemed a distant and vapid entity despite the fact that its servicemen assumed an unruly presence in the colony after Ottawa had been finally persuaded of the island's strategic value and military vulnerability. To paraphrase a campaign song from 75 years before, when a namesake of the Foxes had helped fend off an initial drive for union with Canada, Newfoundland's face was still "turned to Britain, her back to the Gulf." London had the upper hand in our affairs; we boasted an archetypal governor in the doughty Vice-Admiral Sir Humphrey Walwyn, and on our few highways we proudly drove to the left.

There was, however, another and increasingly conspicuous force at work in our midst serving to obscure the Canadian factor. This was the U.S.A. whose crisply uniformed sons (the Canadians were drably attired and drove ugly snub-nosed trucks) poured in following the 1940 bases-for-destroyers deal between Roosevelt and Churchill. "Little or no interest is taken on the question of Confederation, and it is hardly discussed at all," Governor Walwyn grumbled in 1943 to his London superiors, even then envisaging Canada as a post-war repository for burdensome Newfoundland.

Walwyn complained that, if anything, the Newfoundlanders "are so dazzled by American dollars, hygiene and efficiency that many of the public rather play up to America in preference to Canada." As Michael Harris described the wartime scene in his history of Newfoundland's Crosbie clan: "The American presence brought security, excitement, the sights and sounds of the modern world ... and dizzying material wealth." Dizzying, that is, for thousands of Newfoundlanders long on the dole and suddenly riding a construction boom.

As for me and my schoolmates, just approaching our teens, we took immediately to a radio station the Americans set up for their forces near our hometown, St. John's, where local broadcasting was dowdy indeed. Without ever having seen baseball or American football, we became fans, via Station VOUS, of the Yankees or Dodgers or Notre Dame. We swung to record-spinning G.I. Jill, howled at Bob Hope, Fibber McGee and Fred Allen (relayed from New York without commercials) and topped off our overnight Americanization with Hershey Kisses spirited out of the PX at Fort Pepperrell. By contrast, Canada lacked all glamour for us and seemed mostly, in the teen-age parlance of the day, "a tall glass of water".

Canada's subsequent exponent, Smallwood, once expressed the belief that my father, whom he professed to admire, was privately a confederate. But, added the confederate firebrand, "he most certainly never by word

or act showed any bias whatsoever in his conduct as Chairman of the Convention. His death half-way [*sic*] through the Convention was a tragedy indeed." The Judge a closet confederate? Though a Catholic, he did mix easily with the predominantly Protestant colonial establishment and entertained at his house in pre-Convention years Canadian legates like High Commissioner Charles Burchell. Moreover, he allowed the Convention to be broadcast verbatim, which delighted Smallwood since it gave that radiophonic wizard his chance to spread the confederate gospel to the virtually inaccessible "outports" as only he could.

On the other hand, Cyril Fox's wife abominated Confederation, publicly so after the Convention he worked for to the death was, at its end, so cavalierly countermanded. He himself had been alarmed at developments in Canada where, as apparently presaged by the conscription crisis, he felt the friction between English and French could well evolve into civil strife. Why unite with disunity, he may have wondered. That question looms large in David Macfarlane's book, *The Danger Tree*, which hauntingly chronicles the twentieth-century ordeals of the lion-hearted Goodyear family of central Newfoundland. Macfarlane writes of how his grandfather, "Skipper Joe" Goodyear (deemed by Major Cashin one of his Protestant supporters), gloried in being a Newfoundlander and disdained Canada. Skipper Joe's grandson says of it all:

> Canada, to the anti-confederates, was a vast and incomprehensible place, an ocean of concerns away. It was a pale, half-baked country — too large to make any sense and, for its size, too underpopulated to be of any importance. It was made up of people who lacked the spirit to be American and the good sense to be true subjects of the British Crown ... English Canada boasted an awkward and doomed alliance with the French in Quebec, and its Ontario-based politicians spoke with flatulent rhetoric in accents flat as hayfields.

For the likes of Skipper Joe, Canadians "had the imaginations of bankers and the instincts of accountants." But we in St. John's — a city branded "an inward-looking little capital" by historian Peter Neary in his ground-breaking *Newfoundland in the North Atlantic World, 1929-1949* — saw Smallwood in a more sinister light. He seemed to us a man possessed — even demonically possessed, so the Catholics among us felt, as borne out by the story (apocryphal?) about his unshodding himself at one rally to demonstrate that his hoof was not cleft. Here for the St. John's Catholics was the "divil himself" (actually, a mere Methodist) protesting too much. The future provincial premier preached what to us was a radical secularism which our gaunt old guru, Archbishop Edward Patrick Roche, abhorred in the confederate doctrine. Archbishop Roche made his abhorrence only too evident and it duly outraged the Orange Lodges, bringing bigotry, another Newfoundland attribute noted by Gobineau in 1859, to a renewed boil.

Smallwood's "cleft-hoof" rally supposedly took place on The Brow, a shanty town perched on heights overlooking the capital's west end. But, as an ADC to Governor Walwyn put it with subsequent candour, the

Memorial University Archives

Peter Cashin, champion of Newfoundland independence, addressing the National Convention.

National Archives of Canada

Historic headlines, Corner Brook, July 1948.

whole of St. John's was "little more than a shanty town" up to the war. The ADC in question was a young Royal Navy officer, Ludovic Kennedy, later a TV luminary and justice crusader in Britain. Kennedy otherwise recalled St. John's as an endearing place in his 1989 autobiography.

Yet even within our quaintly ingrown community there were those not over-fond of its values. Reflecting in the mid-seventies on the Convention period as he had witnessed it in his Newfoundland youth, Professor T.E. Flynn of St. Mary's University, Halifax, remembered the typical anti-confederate politico as a mawkish reactionary, "his moistly patriotic eye firmly fixed on the main chance." Despite its anachronistic charm, old St. John's for Flynn denoted something Sicilian in social terms and "a quasi-feudal mentality".

The downfall of that mentality and of its concomitant society really began, if we are to believe J.R. Smallwood, on 12 December 1945, when, during a business trip concerning the pig farm he then ran, he read in a Montreal newspaper of Britain's announcement that a National Convention would be held in Newfoundland. The news, wrote Smallwood in recapitulating his Confederation crusade, came as a complete and galvanizing surprise and he soon abandoned hoggery for the hustings. His story here blends with the present historical orthodoxy that it was primarily the British who initiated moves toward Newfoundland's absorption by Canada, gradually converting an apathetic Ottawa to the idea.

Smallwood, in this version of events, only entered the picture following his Montreal illumination and remained secondary to the suave mandarins of London even after he had apparently hijacked the cause as its Convention herald. Ottawa's lethargy persisted and, final referendum victory notwithstanding, it took a clever ploy by the Canadian prime-ministerial secretary Jack Pickersgill (gloatingly recounted by Pickersgill himself) to persuade William Lyon Mackenzie King that the slim

National Archives of Canada

Louis St. Laurent, fourth from left, greets Newfoundland delegates in Ottawa, 1947. J.R. Smallwood, secretary of the delegation, is second from left.

1948 margin for union was sufficient to justify implementation. Or so such portrayers of a reluctant and unimperialist Canada — a Politically Correct country even then — would have posterity believe.

All this, however, has not gone unchallenged in Newfoundland where a forceful article in a respected university journal has lately suggested that Smallwood's involvement with the pro-Canadian campaign actually antedated the "surprise" news of the Convention by one or two years. He was "chosen, or settled upon," by High Commissioner Burchell himself from several candidates as early as 1943 or 1944 to lead a Newfoundland confederate party, claimed the article by John Edward Fitzgerald. Furthermore, far from being apathetic, Ottawa, Fitzgerald says, indirectly backed the Newfoundland confederate organization through large money donations from federal Liberals.

Still, much of the initiative did come from a war-impoverished Britain bent on ending its world-wide imperial outlays. Perhaps ex-ADC Kennedy retrospectively articulated the personal feelings of British

FAREWELL!

Dear Mr. Editor — Would you publish attached farewell to His Excellency Sir Gordon Macdonald K.C.M.G.

"A Farewell"

The prayers of countless thousands sent
Heavenward, to speed thy safe return,
Ennobled as thou art with duty well performed.
Bringing peace, security and joy
Among the peoples of this New Found Land.
So saddened and depressed until your presence
Taught us discern and help decide what's best for
All on whom fortune had not smiled.
Remember if you will the kindness and the love
Devotion and the rest that we the people have for Thee — Fare well!

—E. A.

The acrostic poem of "tribute" to departed Governor Sir Gordon Macdonald as it appeared in the Letters column of the "St. John's Evening Telegram" on 8 March 1949. Reading down the first letters of each ostensibly eulogistic line gives the poem's real message.

officialdom in 1940s St. John's when he called the vote by Newfoundlanders for Confederation "the wisest decision they could have made in geographic and economic terms".

Governor Walwyn himself — plump, florid and the picture of morning-after irascibility though remembered by Kennedy as a "jolly old soul" — flaunted his Vice-Admiral's ranking throughout his 10-year incumbency and was respected accordingly by the salty islanders despite his unflattering opinion of them ("a comfortable grant-in-aid, and little responsibility" seemed to him all they wanted). Sir Humphrey, with his legendary responsiveness to "the sun over the yard-arm", was missed all the more on his departure in 1946 by reason of the contrasting personality of his successor, a total-abstaining former MP named Sir Gordon Macdonald.

Denounced with characteristic venom by Peter Cashin as "the hatchet man for the British government", this dour ex-union boss was indeed dispatched by the Labour administration to manage the tricky navigation of Newfoundland into its pre-ordained Canadian berth. After his return, mission completed, to Britain and a peerage in 1949, the beaten anti-confederates took some consolation from the successful insinuation into the pro-Canadian *St. John's Evening Telegram* of an anonymous poem ostensibly eulogizing him. Read downwards, the first letters of the poem's laudatory 10 lines spelled out its real message: THE BASTARD.

Initially Sir Gordon seemed a cautious character. Yet, as old-time sectarianism revived amid intensifying political animosity, rumours flew among Catholics that this excellent evangelical had been impolitic enough to preach at Protestant services. The newly exhumed National Convention proceedings show that he also ventured to quote from a particularly reviled figure in Irish-Catholic demonology during his inauguration of the assembly. "Gentlemen," growled the bushy-browed viceroy, "you are certainly entitled to use the words of Oliver Cromwell, words he wrote when in a most precarious and perilous position, surrounded by superior forces, 'We are upon an engagement very difficult.' "

The confederates in the Convention indeed found themselves "surrounded by superior forces", as witness the 29-16 vote by which inclusion of Confederation in the referendum was rejected. Smallwood railed persuasively against "the 29 dictators" and organized a mass petition to undo their vote, London availing of the petition to place union with Canada on the ballot after all. Certainly, months before, the signatories would have endorsed Joe's storm-arousing contention that, as measured against mainland North America, Newfoundland was 100 years behind the times. "By our isolation from

Memorial University Archives

Joseph Smallwood addressing the Convention, which he contrived to dominate over its 1946-48 lifetime.

the throbbing vitality and expansion of the continent," he cried in a Convention peroration now reprinted, "we have been left far behind in the march of time." Newfoundland was the "sport of historic misfortune", the "Cinderella of the Empire", Smallwood insisted. "Our choice now is to continue in blighting isolation or seize the opportunity ... of unity with the progressive mainland of America."

Did this last phrase suggest that Smallwood looked to an ultimate amalgamation of the whole continent under Washington's aegis? On the sole occasion when I met him — it was 1987 and the once tireless talker, campaigner and historian had suffered a stroke as well as bankruptcy — he could no longer answer such questions. The octogenarian could, in fact, no longer speak or write. Nor, after a lifetime's voracious reading, could he fathom any of the 18,000-volume library he had amassed at his labyrinthine ranch-house, once the nerve-centre of his provincial domain. The accompanying arrays of photos from his great days of power only compounded the desolation of his final few years.

Midway through my visit, this ghostly ex-dynamo sprang, out of habit, to a jangling phone. But he could only manage a muttered "No" when he meant "Yes" and finally hung up in agonized frustration. It was hard to tell whether he recognized my name, with its Convention-time resonance, as announced by a lone retainer. The odour of cat urine suffused the once-vibrant retreat, the felines responsible being about the only species of life stirring in its forlorn precincts.

The melancholy spectacle of Joey at 86 would have gratified only his most unforgiving Convention enemies. It was mitigated four years later by the pomp of his funeral. Yet even there irony took a hand since the only church in St. John's capable of accommodating the expected congregational overflow was the Basilica of St. John the Baptist. Thus the obsequies took place in the mother church of Newfoundland's Catholics, among whom the deceased had been the target of so much abuse in Convention days. How the Most Reverend Edward Patrick Roche, entombed in a Counter-Reformation fastness just yards from Joey's bier, would have reacted to its presence, we can only guess. ◆

C.J. Fox, a Newfoundland-born writer, has contributed book reviews and articles to newspapers and magazines in Britain and North America. He has edited selections of writings by the Canadian-born painter and author Wyndham Lewis.

"THE NEWFOUNDLAND NATIONAL CONVENTION, 1946-1948. VOLUME I: DEBATES, 1,469 pp., VOLUME II: REPORTS AND PAPERS", 552 pp., illus. Edited by J.K. Hiller and M.F. Harrington. McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal & Kingston, 1995. $240 the set.

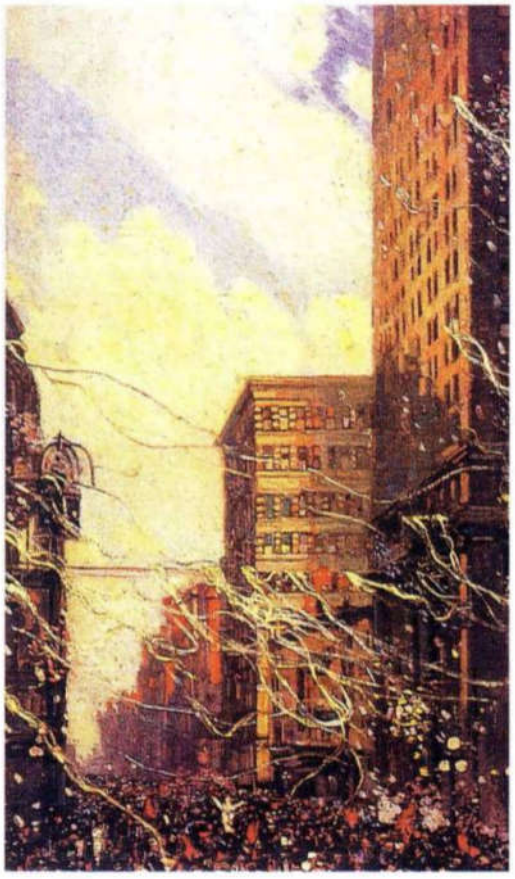
R.B. Fleming

Yonge at 200

This year the street that claims to be the longest in the world celebrates its 200th anniversary. On 16 February 1796 Augustus Jones, Deputy Provincial Surveyor of Upper Canada, along with the Queen's Rangers, completed the final stages of cutting out the road from York (now Toronto) northward some 30 miles to Lake Simcoe. In 1794 John Graves Simcoe, Upper Canada's first lieutenant governor, had ordered the construction of Yonge Street for defence and trade purposes.

Yonge Street is now the main street of Toronto. At first and for years afterward, however, it was almost ignored, especially the portion of it within Toronto. Simcoe hoped that North West Company traders would use the Yonge Street route to reach the upper lakes, but they apparently preferred the Great Lakes route, or the more northerly Ottawa and French River routes. Even when they did use Yonge Street, they avoided the lower part by paddling up the Don River to what is now the intersection of York Mills Avenue and Yonge Street, and from there they portaged their canoes on flat wagons north on Yonge to the Holland River, Lake Simcoe, Georgian Bay and points north and west.

When Elizabeth Simcoe rode her horse on Yonge Street in March 1796, she noted "pools of water among roots of trees and fallen logs in swampy spots and these pools, being half frozen, render them still more disagreeable when the horses plunge into them". It remained in bad repair for years afterward, and was not even opened south of Queen Street to the lake until 1818. For a few more years Yonge Street did not even have its own wharf.



Yonge Street celebrates the end of the First World War, 11 November 1918. Oil painting by J. Ernest Sampson, courtesy of the Canadian War Museum.

"Streets transport people and goods. Some streets are also symbolic, for they transport the dreams of the people that use them. For Yonge Street, those dreams began with its founder, John Graves Simcoe."

Courtesy of the Samuel E. Weir Collection, Queenston

Yonge Street was named for Sir George Yonge (left), a friend of John Graves Simcoe, who was Member of Parliament for Honiton in Devon from 1763 to 1796. He served as Secretary for War and was later Master of the Mint and Governor of the Cape.

Until the mid-1830s, when the lower portion was macadamized with layers of packed gravel, the part that now runs through downtown Toronto remained the route less travelled. Stage coaches running between the towns of York, Yorkville and Newmarket to the north, preferred the older and firmer Parliament Street, a few blocks to the east, in order to reach the St. Lawrence Market east of Yonge and King. As late as 1847, a team of oxen waited patiently at the corner of Queen and Yonge streets, near today's Eaton Centre, to pull wagons and coaches out of the mud.

The 1850s brought the railways into Toronto along the lakeshore. While cutting off the waterfront, they ensured the development of the little city. At mid-century, Toronto grew quickly. Its orientation, however, remained east-west, and streets like King and Queen pointed in the direction of more powerful cities such as Quebec, Montreal, New York and London, England.

At the same time, Yonge Street slowly began to grow northward, at first reflecting the roles of adjacent streets. The wholesale warehouses of Front Street wound their way into Yonge. The small retail shops of King rounded the corner at Yonge, and so on. Slowly in the 1860s and 1870s, the street began to take on a life of its own, and Timothy Eaton's decision to locate at Yonge and Richmond, a few blocks north of the intersection with King, was an important sign that in 1869 the street was beginning to head off on its own, and that Toronto itself was on the move northward in search of its own hinterlands.

The importance of a street can be measured in many ways, and one of them is by the number of parades, celebrations, riots and funerals held on that street. In 1867, Confederation was celebrated on King Street, and later that year the funeral cortege of Bishop John Strachan made its way along King to St. James Cathedral. In the 1870s, when wealthy Torontonians wanted to be seen, they chose King Street. Thus "Doing King" each weekday afternoon was a popular excursion for the well-to-do. Toronto's Orangemen paraded along King in the 1870s and mobbed the Fenian, O'Donovan Rossa, when he attempted to give a lecture at the St. Lawrence Hall on King Street in March 1878. At least until the 1870s, King was decidedly the main street of Toronto. Well past the 1870s, King Street remained important for shopping, dining and banking, even parading and demonstrating.

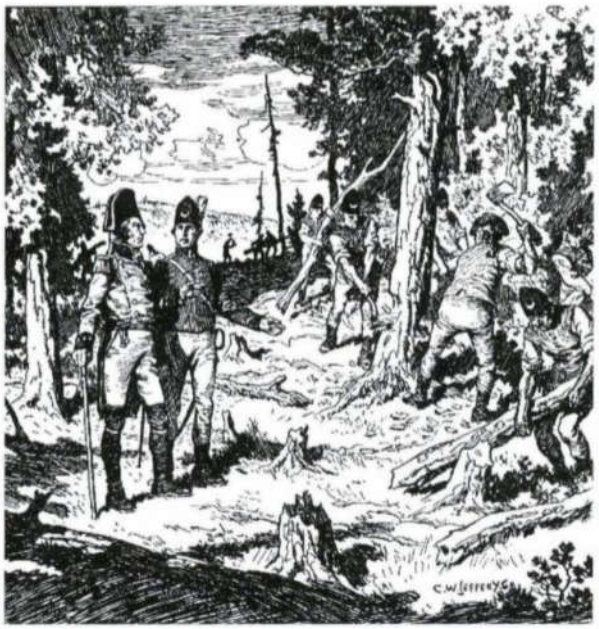
By the 1880s, however, Yonge Street was becoming the street of choice when Torontonians wanted to vent their collective emotions. One of the first times that the street was used as a parade route was in July 1885 when the Governor General's Body Guard returned victorious from the Northwest Rebellion. Toronto had contributed many men to the cause and now that they had made the Northwest secure for agriculture, Protestantism and the English language, they were marching several miles

down Yonge Street from the North Toronto Station at Yonge and Summerhill Avenue. Along the way, they were greeted by arches, flags, banners, flowers and evergreen boughs — and by ecstatic Torontonians lining the street and waving from windows and housetops.

In the 1880s, the street also became a route for the funerals of notables. In 1882 the funeral cortege of Egerton Ryerson went down Yonge and in 1903 that of the late Premier Oliver Mowat. By the 1880s Yonge was becoming the principal funeral cortege route. By 1900 there was no doubt that Yonge Street was central to the Torontonian imagination.

In 1899 the South African War broke out only two years after the British Empire had celebrated the Queen's Jubilee with considerable self-satisfaction. The war seemed a minor irritant in the progress of Empire. It would surely be over within a few months.

Just after 10:30 on the evening of 30 May 1900, news reached the *Globe* newspaper offices on Yonge Street near King that the Boer War was indeed over. The Boer-held city of Pretoria had surrendered and British troops were at Johannesburg dictating terms. The bells of St. James Cathedral rang forth; the steam whistle at the Toronto Railway Company's electrical generating station at Front and Frederick streets blew for 15 minutes; and other whistles from all parts of the city joined in. Cyclists wheeled down to King and Yonge to read the exciting news of the surrender of Pretoria from the *Globe*'s bulletin boards on Yonge Street. Tens of thousands of people hurriedly dressed, boarded street cars, and before midnight the corner of Yonge and King was "black with people". Among the throng, Premier George Ross waved a Union Jack from the back window of his carriage, yelling enthusiastically. A few minutes after 11:00 bonfires were blazing on Yonge Street. People sang *Soldiers of the Queen*, *The Maple Leaf Forever*, and *God Save the Queen*. Shortly after 1:00 in the morning, fife, drum and bugle bands appeared on Yonge, and the Royal Foresters Trumpet Band marched several miles down Yonge to the *Globe* building.



C.W. Jefferys' drawing of the Queen's Rangers cutting out Yonge Street. As the soldiers clear a trail north from York (Toronto) to Lake Simcoe, Augustus Jones, Deputy Surveyor General of Upper Canada, discusses the progress of the work with Lieutenant Governor John Graves Simcoe (on the left).

Timothy Eaton's decision in 1869 to locate his drygoods store as far north as Yonge and Richmond, well away from the established intersection of King and Yonge, gave impetus to the northward development of Yonge Street in the 1870s.

"The people of Toronto fairly lost their heads last night and went wild with excitement," noted the *Globe* next day, which was an official holiday in the city. The end of the Boer War, the false end, as it turned out, brought much greater joy even than the return of those gallant, victorious soldiers in 1885.

It did not matter that the news was premature. Pretoria held out for six more days, and the war itself dragged on for another two years. The important point is this: in 1900, when Torontonians demonstrated their love for Canada and for the Empire, in other words, their imperial nationalism, they chose to do so on Yonge Street.

Streets transport people and goods. Some streets are also symbolic, for they transport the dreams of the people who use them. For Yonge Street, those dreams

The funeral procession of Sir Oliver Mowat, former Ontario premier and lieutenant governor, 22 April 1903, on Yonge Street, looking south from Shuter. In the 1880s Yonge Street became an important venue for the funeral processions of Toronto dignitaries. (Photo courtesy of Metropolitan Toronto Library.)

began with it founder, John Graves Simcoe. Colonial Office officials and the Governor in Quebec City thought Simcoe's dreams mere enthusiasms, and historians have sometimes agreed. His projects included the manufacture of hats, the mining of iron and the building of ships, pork curing and the founding of a university.

Wild dreams in 1796, but not in 1900, and many of the people who rushed half-dressed to Yonge and King to celebrate the surrender of Pretoria that night of 30 May 1900 were employed by the garment trade on Spadina, by the Polson Iron Works on the Esplanade, where ships were constructed, or by Davies Meat Company, which cured pork. Since the middle of the nineteenth century, Toronto had a university. In both its imperial connections

On 30 and 31 May 1900 Torontonians celebrated the premature news of the relief of Pretoria, and the even more premature news that the Boer War was over. Bells rang out, whistles blew and the street cars did not bother collecting fares. Many Torontonians walked, biked or rode carriages and street cars to Yonge and King streets to celebrate. (Photo courtesy of City of Toronto Archives.)

and its manufacturing, Toronto was more than fulfilling Simcoe's dreams. And if its climate did not permit the growing of indigo, it did manufacture hats and clothing that used indigo dye. Although it never manufactured East India rockets, as Simcoe planned, its munitions industries might have satisfied the lieutenant governor.

Importantly, it was Simcoe's Yonge Street, not the older King and Queen streets, that thrust northward into hinterlands of fur and trade goods, and into the potential hinterlands of grain in the West and gold in the North. By 1900, the influence of Toronto had reached as far west as the country. By 1900, the city's financial moguls, one of whom ran the street cars that transported people downtown on 30 May 1900, had even begun to create hinterlands for Toronto as far away as Brazil, Mexico and even England itself.

In 1900, Toronto's banks, stock exchange and insurance companies were busy capturing new markets. So were its publishing houses. It had even exported the Ryerson system of education to new areas of "civilization" farther west. The city's artists, from Paul Kane in the 1840s to C.W. Jefferys early this century, captured the West, old and new, on canvas.

Throughout this century, Yonge Street has remained a main stage. On 11 November 1918 Armistice Day was celebrated on Yonge Street. At 3:00 in the morning Eaton's siren awakened the city, and almost immediately a procession, mainly female munitions workers, paraded down Yonge. Cars soon followed, honking their horns. In 1939 the King and Queen made their way down Yonge Street. In 1965 the street hosted a parade of ten elephants, members of a circus visiting the city.

In the 1970s the street was used as a site to protest against the war in Vietnam and nuclear weapons. The street was also the setting for that ill-fated demonstration of counter-culture, the Yonge Street pedestrian mall. In the 1990s, demonstrators have railed against systems that appear to favour descendants of those white faces that celebrated the false end of the South African War in 1900. These demonstrations serve to remind us that the street was once used famously in the 1830s for an anti-imperialist rebellion. It was the newly macadamized Yonge Street that William Lyon Mackenzie and his small group of rebels marched down in December 1837, from Montgomery's Tavern, north of present-day Eglinton Avenue, to a cornfield near today's Maple Leaf Gardens, where they encountered government forces. In 1849 the street saw demonstrations again, this time against the same Mackenzie, who had returned from exile only to find himself burned in effigy on Yonge Street.

In this century, Yonge Street has been the main venue for that annual celebration of consumerism and paganism, the Santa Claus Parade, sponsored by descendants of Timothy Eaton, who helped to raise the profile of Yonge Street in the 1870s.

Yonge and King in the era of horses.

Today the street is multi-cultural. People telling their stories at King and Yonge or at any other intersection with Yonge, trace their ancestry not only to the British Isles and Europe, as they did on that night in 1900, but to every part of the globe.

The old street is seedy in spots, and has a whiff of danger and illicit excitement. Those pickpockets that C.S. Clarke noted in the 1890s in his book *Of Toronto the Good* have become an ever-present danger. Night and day, rich and poor can be seen "Doing Yonge". At the august age of 200, the street keeps rolling along, ever northward, absorbing, reflecting, destroying, and creating.

Today, 200 years after Elizabeth Simcoe rode her horse down Yonge Street, the Mounted Unit of the Toronto Police Service, founded in 1886, rides up Yonge Street almost daily along Mrs. Simcoe's route past Bloor, Gerrard, College and Queen, in order to ensure peace and order on one of the longest streets in Canada. ◆

R.B. Fleming is a biographer whose "Railway King of Canada: Sir William Mackenzie 1849-1923" was published by the University of British Columbia Press in 1991. He is also editor of "Boswell's Children" (Dundurn Press, 1992) and "The Lochaber Emigrants to Glengarry" (Natural Heritage / Natural History Inc., 1994).

Conflicts and Adversities

The Southern Party of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, 1913-1916

By Stuart E. Jenness

For an expedition that was ill-conceived, hastily assembled, and inadequately equipped, it is remarkable that the Canadian Arctic Expedition 1913-1918 did not end in total disaster.

Most of the credit for its success has been given to the expedition's leader, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, because of his discovery of several unknown islands in the Canadian Arctic and his remarkable survival for nearly five years in perilous circumstances.

In contrast, the achievements of the six scientists on the Southern Party of the expedition (1913-1916), although of far greater value to Canada, have received little publicity or national recognition. They are all the more remarkable in light of the numerous personal conflicts and physical adversities endured by these men during their three years in the Arctic.

Stefansson originally envisioned, in 1913, a party of about six men exploring for unknown lands in the Beaufort Sea. He hoped to discover land north of the Canadian mainland, particularly a continent the American hydrographer R.A. Harris suggested in 1911 lay north of the Arctic Coast. He also wanted to confirm or disprove the existence of a mountainous terrain, Crocker Land, which Admiral Robert E. Peary thought he saw in 1906 northwest of Axel Heiberg Island. Stefansson intended to enter the Arctic from the west in order to ascertain the truth about Crocker Land before the American explorer Donald B. MacMillan did. Sponsored by the National Geographic Society, MacMillan was leading a three-year expedition into the eastern Arctic in 1913, the same summer Stefansson planned to head north.

Unable to obtain sufficient financial support in the United States for his expedition, Stefansson sought funding from the Canadian prime minister, Sir Robert Borden. The latter, concerned about the sovereignty of the islands north of the Canadian mainland and aware of both American and Russian interest in the region, quickly agreed to have his government assume the entire costs of the expedition, which Stefansson estimated at $75,000. Borden insisted, however, that Stefansson agree to certain conditions, which included adding scientists to conduct studies in the North, and getting the expedition launched within four months.

By mid-February 1913 the enlarged expedition had been assigned two main objects: (1) exploring for new land north of the North American mainland and west of the Parry Islands, which was Stefansson's original plan, and (2) carrying out geological, geographic, anthropological, and biological studies on the northern mainland of Canada. The discovery of new land and establishing Canadian sovereignty over it was considered by Stefansson, Prime Minister Borden, and some senior government officials as the primary reason for the expedition. The scientific objective was added at the urging of the Director of the Geological Survey of Canada.

The expedition thus evolved into two distinct parties with markedly different goals, one exploratory, the other scientific. Their respective names, Northern Party and Southern Party, reflected the different geographic regions they would examine. Stefansson would lead the Northern Party and was also placed in charge of the entire expedition. Dr. Rudolph Anderson, an American mammalogist and bird specialist recently employed by the Geological Survey and co-leader of the Stefansson-Anderson Arctic Expedition of 1908-1912, was in charge of the scientists in the Southern Party and made second-in-command of the entire expedition. The expedition was to remain in the Arctic for three years.

Problems concerning organization, operation, and personalities arose almost immediately and persisted throughout the time the expedition was in the Arctic.

Organization proved to be one of the expedition's most basic problems. Prime Minister Borden had assigned two government agencies, the Department of the Naval Service and the Geological Survey, to oversee the expenses and activities of the expedition, the former agency because the expedition would be operating in coastal waters, the latter to supply the scientific personnel. Conflicting instructions soon came from

National Archives of Canada

The scientific staff of the Canadian Arctic Expedition at Nome, 1913. Front row, left to right: A.F. MacKay (surgeon, died during the expedition), Captain R.A. Bartlett, V. Stefansson, R.M. Anderson, J. Murray (oceanographer, died), F. Johansen. Back row, left to right: B. Mamen (geologist, died), B.M. McConnell, K.G. Chipman, G.H. Wilkins, G.S. Malloch (geologist, died), H. Beuchat (anthropologist, died), J.J. O'Neill, D. Jenness, J.R. Cox, W.L. McKinley.

senior officials in both agencies, especially after they learned of the loss of the expedition's flagship, *Karluk*, in early 1914. (The ship had become trapped in the ice and had drifted for three months, sinking in January 1914. Eight members of the party died in an attempt to reach land.)

Stefansson's unusual relationship with the Canadian government caused yet other problems. He was expected to report regularly to the Department of the Naval Service, since that department had the senior role in administering the expedition's operations. Stefansson, however, preferred to make his own decisions without bureaucratic interference, shrewdly arranging with the government to serve without pay, in exchange for which he was granted permission to negotiate exclusive publishing rights with key newspapers in the United States, Canada, and Britain. He would be be adequately rewarded for his arctic endeavours by the payments he anticipated from his writings and lectures, as had happened after his previous expedition. Under this arrangement, Stefansson felt answerable to no one but his publishers and for five years roamed about the Arctic doing more or less as he pleased. During those years, two more than Stefansson was supposed to remain in the Arctic, the Canadian government lost control over his actions and whereabouts, as well as the overall cost of the expedition. Indeed, the expedition's cost ultimately exceeded $512,000 and proved especially embarrassing to the government which faced expenditures and problems related to the First World War.

Differences in leadership style between Stefansson and Anderson created a continuing source of conflict. In contrast to Stefansson's imaginative, outwardly self-confident and adventurous nature, Anderson was a quiet, cautious, and well-disciplined scientist. With the title "Executive Head of the Southern Party", he was responsible to the Geological Survey for his own work as well as that of the five scientists assigned to his party. He was expected to submit reports bi-annually to both the Director of the Geological Survey and to the Deputy

Members of the Southern Party

Rudolph Anderson *(zoologist, expedition leader)*

Kenneth Chipman *(chief geographer)*

John Cox *(geographer)*

Diamond Jenness *(anthropologist)*

Frits Johansen *(marine biologist, naturalist)*

John O'Neill *(geologist)*

Minister of the Naval Service and made every effort to do so. He was also expected to keep Stefansson informed regularly of the activities of the Southern Party, but as he had little knowledge of Stefansson's whereabouts after March 1914, he was unable to do so. Receiving sometimes conflicting instructions from the two government agencies and from Stefansson added to Anderson's troubles.

Stefansson's authority over the Southern Party scientists proved to be a major source of conflict. Once Borden had declared him leader of the entire expedition, Stefansson assumed the title "Commander" and expected all expedition members to respond without question to his orders (or instructions, as he generally called them). He was not a naval officer, however, as his actions and title implied, nor did he have the discipline or leadership of one. Furthermore, Anderson and his five scientists were neither naval personnel nor were they afraid to challenge many of Stefansson's statements and instructions. All except Johansen were employees of the Geological Survey, and their first allegiances were to Anderson and the Geological Survey, not to Stefansson and the Department of the Naval Service.

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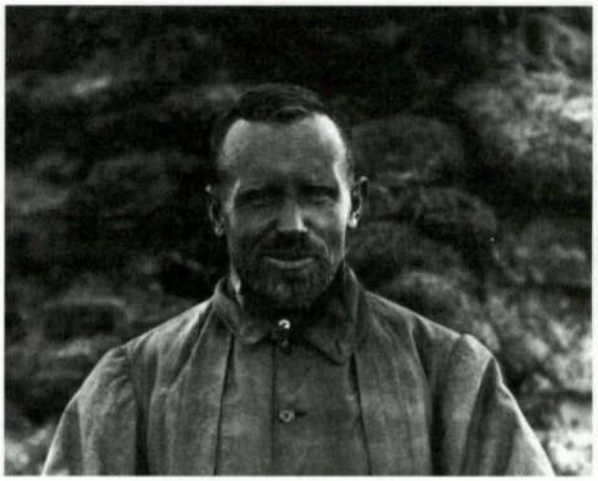
Expedition leader, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, at Camden Bay.



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Dr. Rudolph M. Anderson, in charge of the scientists in the Southern Party.

Anderson and Stefansson had experienced differences during their previous expedition, but these had never amounted to much, for they generally worked separately. Any latent resentment on Anderson's part was quickly reactivated, however, when Stefansson sailed for Europe early in March 1913, leaving Anderson with the task of negotiating with three Canadian government departments for the acquisition of the expedition's ship, equipment, supplies, and some personnel. During this time Anderson was working in New York for the American Museum of Natural History, trying to complete a large report of his previous arctic work and did not welcome this time-consuming additional responsibility.

An open dispute erupted between the two leaders in Victoria, British Columbia, early in June 1913, after Stefansson told a gathering of his scientists the details of an agreement he had reached with the Canadian government. These included a ban on all publication for profit about the expedition by anyone other than himself while the expedition was in the Arctic and for a year afterward, and the government's insistence that all personal diaries had to be turned over to it at the end of the expedition. The scientists responded angrily; Anderson even wired his resignation from the expedition to Ottawa, but on calmer reflection agreed to remain in charge of the Southern Party rather than desert his scientific colleagues. On his part, Stefansson agreed to formally write out, before the expedition sailed north, a statement that Anderson would be solely in charge of the Southern Party after it separated from the Northern Party. This he failed to do.

At Nome, Alaska, another dispute arose between Stefansson and the expedition's scientists, who wanted clearer details of his operating plans. Anderson was not

present. Finding some of Stefansson's responses both vague and unsatisfactory, a few of the scientists again demanded that he state in writing Anderson's full authority over the activities of the Southern Party. Stefansson again agreed to do so, but as in Victoria, failed to prepare the requested document, further increasing the irritation of the Southern Party members.

Upon reaching the Arctic Ocean the expedition encountered severe ice conditions, and by mid-August the *Karluk* was trapped in the ice off the north coast of Alaska. It never escaped and eventually sank. The two smaller schooners purchased by Stefansson at Nome, meanwhile, successfully navigated the shallower water closer to shore, but by early September were forced to take shelter for the winter in Camden Bay, far short of their destination. In this manner Stefansson's Northern Party and Anderson's Southern Party were unexpectedly separated before they could complete their division of manpower, equipment, and supplies at their intended point of separation, Herschel Island.

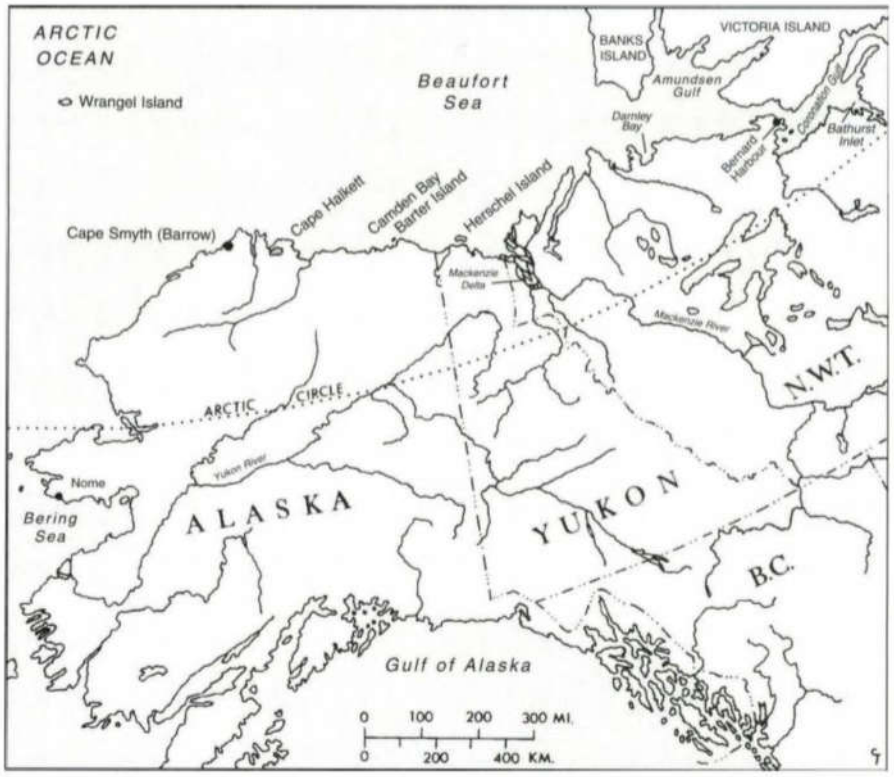
Faced with a long winter of isolation at Camden Bay, the Southern Party's scientists soon developed plans to keep themselves usefully occupied until the following summer, when they would continue eastward to Coronation Gulf. With the experienced Anderson in charge, adequate provisions for the winter, and a reasonably comfortable trader's cabin for their quarters, they lived fairly contentedly for the next several months, slowly learning about arctic survival and travelling with sledge dogs under bitterly cold, windy, and sunless conditions.

Early in December 1913 Stefansson arrived unexpectedly from the west and within hours was criticizing the Southern Party's procedures and setting forth new plans for the scientists to carry out in the next few weeks. The scientists already had their own plans, however, and Stefansson's interference greatly annoyed them, especially Chipman, the senior geographer, who happened to be in charge of the camp while Anderson was on a hunting trip. Stefansson remained only a few days, then continued eastward, but during the next three months periodically sent letters to Anderson with new instructions and demands.

Stefansson returned to the Southern Party's camp at Camden Bay in March 1914 with plans for a new Northern Party to replace the one lost with the *Karluk*. He had purchased the entire stock of supplies (including the small schooner *North Star*) from two traders near the Alaska-Yukon boundary for about $20,000 and intended using two of the schooners (*North Star* and *Mary Sachs*) for the work of his new Northern Party. This would leave the *Alaska* for the Southern Party, a vessel too small to carry all of its equipment, provisions, and personnel.

His arrival and plans quickly precipitated another angry confrontation with Anderson and Chipman, and to a lesser degree with the other scientists. During the ensuing arguments, Stefansson spoke critically of the scientists' lack of effort and motivation since he had seen them in December, although there was little that any of them could do outdoors during the sunless winter months.

Stefansson was especially critical of Anderson's opposition to his new plans and also Anderson's strong objections to Stefansson's demands for part of the Southern Party's equipment, supplies, and dogs. Anderson finally asked Stefansson to take full command of all parties to avoid further conflict of authority, but Stefansson refused to do so. Anderson then told Stefansson that if he took the equipment and supplies he was demanding, the Southern Party's scientists could not



Map showing locations of Southern Party headquarters and areas mapped: (Herschel Island - Mackenzie Delta / Amundsen and Coronation Gulfs).

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Dr. Anderson at Camden Bay.

satisfactorily carry out their assigned work and several of them would leave the expedition at Herschel Island and go south. Stefansson later wrote of their attitude as mutinous.

Ultimately Stefansson received some of the supplies he needed and departed over the Beaufort Sea, not to be seen again by the men of the Southern Party for several years.

Greatly influencing Anderson's attitude at this time was the news in a letter from his wife in Iowa and the circumstances under which he had received it. Stefansson had collected the expedition's mail at Fort McPherson in February, opened and read Anderson's letter from his wife (which was addressed to "Any member of the Canadian Arctic Expedition"), and then forgot to give it to Anderson until several days after his return to Camden Bay. The letter contained the news of the death of Anderson's first child, a son, shortly after birth and included his wife's unhappy request that he return home as soon as possible.

This news, Stefansson's evident lack of sympathy and understanding, and his verbal attacks in front of all the men on what he considered Anderson's leadership failings, greatly embittered Anderson, who thereafter withdrew more and more into his own work and thoughts. Only his self-discipline, honed through military training and action as an officer in the Spanish-American War, his determination to complete the tasks assigned to his Southern Party, and his fierce desire to avoid failing any of his men gave him the strength to carry on.

Soon after reaching Herschel Island in August 1914 with the three schooners, Anderson and his men learned that the *Karluk* had sunk off eastern Siberia and that all but eight of its personnel had reached Wrangel Island. This news meant that there was no longer need for Anderson to send two schooners to Banks Island, as Stefansson's instructions in April had required — one schooner for Stefansson's explorations, the other in expectation of finding the *Karluk* personnel. With the *Karluk* personnel accounted for, Anderson reckoned that only one schooner was now needed to go to Banks Island to search for Stefansson. As the *North Star* was too small to carry the necessary two years' provisions, Anderson sent the larger *Mary Sachs*, with the photographer-engineer George Wilkins in charge, giving him instructions to establish a base camp on Banks Island and to search for Stefansson and his two companions.

Anderson then led his Southern Party east, where they established their base camp in a small bay west of Coronation Gulf to which they gave the name "Bernard Harbour". From this locality, during the next two years, the six scientists carried out most of the duties they had been assigned to complete in three years.

The first winter at Bernard Harbour proved difficult and the men spent most of their time on chores essential to their basic survival. After constructing their 12' x 16' dwelling and insulating it with thick layers of turf, they organized their supplies and equipment. As Stefansson had assured them that they would find abundant driftwood, they had allowed Wilkins to take most of their coal on the *Mary Sachs* to Banks Island. Driftwood was not plentiful, however, and they spent many hours searching the surrounding coastline to supply enough fuel for their first winter.

Stefansson had also assured them that they could obtain plenty of caribou during the fall migration from Victoria Island, but that year the caribou crossed Coronation Gulf far to the east of Bernard Harbour, leaving the men desperately short of meat for the dogs and skins for their own clothing. They thus spent much time during the first few months seeking caribou and seal meat.

High winds, severe low temperatures, frequent blizzards, fog, long sunless days with inadequate lighting and heat in their little house, and crowded uncomfortable living quarters also plagued them that winter. Despite such conditions, however, the men remained surprisingly healthy as they awaited the return of daylight to commence their scientific activities.

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Southern Party headquarters at Bernard Harbour.

Of the six scientists, only the anthropologist Diamond Jenness was able to work continuously throughout the cold, dark winter months, as he pursued his visits and trading with the Copper Inuit. From these people, who were seal-hunting nearby, he collected much-needed meat, skins, and skin clothing, as well as a large assortment of artifacts for the National Museum in Ottawa.

Late in May 1915, when the field operations of the Southern Party were finally progressing satisfactorily and the men's spirits had risen appreciably, Wilkins arrived unexpectedly by dogsled from Banks Island with written instructions from Stefansson. These instructions called for Anderson to turn over to Wilkins the schooner *North Star*, certain items of equipment, and several of their best dogs. Stefansson also suggested that Jenness join the Northern Party, but Jenness was then wandering about Victoria Island with an Inuit family and several of the dogs Stefansson wanted and could not be contacted.

These latest instructions opened up old wounds. The *North Star* was desperately needed that summer to transport the geographers, Chipman and Cox, the geologist O'Neill, and Anderson to Bathurst Inlet, where they

Interior of Camden Bay headquarters, from left: Cox and O'Neill above, Anderson and Chipman below.

National Archives of Canada

intended to map the copper-bearing rocks (one of the principal objectives of the Southern Party) and collect birds and mammals for the National Museum. They could not use their other schooner *Alaska* because it had become ice-bound the previous September and was not expected to get free before mid-August, too late for their intended work.

Without the *North Star*, the scientists could not carry out their assigned tasks, and Chipman promptly stated that under such circumstances he would return to Ottawa that summer. Several unpleasant days followed before Cox proposed an acceptable compromise. He and

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Chipman surveying Bernard Harbour.

O'Neill then departed almost immediately by dogsled for Bathurst Inlet, bearing with them an umiak (skin boat) and outboard motor. When navigation became possible early in August, Wilkins took Chipman and Anderson on the *North Star* to Cape Barrow, at the head of Bathurst Inlet, where they joined forces with Cox and O'Neill. Wilkins then took the little schooner west to Banks Island.

At Bathurst Inlet, Anderson and his companions examined and mapped the copper-bearing rocks, using an open motor launch and the motor-driven umiak for transportation. The outboard motor on the umiak soon broke down, however, forcing them to leave one man (Chipman volunteered) and their dogs at Kater Point for three weeks while the other three struggled against winds, waves, fog, snow, and sleet to carry out their survey work. Completing the examination of much of the area, they all reached Bernard Harbour by dogsled early in November 1915. The following March they returned to Bathurst Inlet with two dog teams and completed their mapping project at the end of May.

With Anderson's approval, Chipman then trekked nearly 400 miles overland from the Coppermine River to Fort Norman. From there he proceeded to Edmonton and Ottawa with the news of the successful completion of their arctic work. The other five sailed safely into Nome in August, however, bearing all of their collections, and reached Ottawa early in October 1916, not long after Chipman.

In spite of the frequent quarrels with Stefansson during the early part of the expedition and the later hardships, including radio-less isolation, food shortages, equipment breakdowns, inadequate means of transport, and unpredictable weather changes, the six Southern Party scientists accomplished almost all of the duties they had been assigned with remarkable determination and success and with surprisingly little illness or injury.

Rudolph Anderson, as leader of the Southern Party, directed the work of his men in an orderly manner throughout their three years in the Arctic. In addition, he supervised all provisions and equipment, prepared regular semi-annual reports of his party's activities for the Geological Survey of Canada and for the Department of the Naval Service, and resolved most of the daily operational problems at his Camden Bay and Bernard Harbour camps. In spite of these administrative demands he still found time to conduct brief trips in search of mammals and birds south of Camden Bay in northern Alaska, up the Croker River west of Stapylton Bay, up the Coppermine and Tree rivers in Coronation Gulf, and around Bathurst Inlet. He brought back to Ottawa hundreds of skins of birds and mammals he or others had shot, which added significantly to the collections of the National Museum of Canada.

Kenneth Chipman, the chief geographer, using whale boat, umiak, or dog team, mapped the eastern channel of the Mackenzie Delta, the Arctic coast of Amundsen Gulf between Darnley Bay and Stapylton Bay, and in Coronation Gulf from Richardson River east to Tree River. With Cox's help, he made detailed maps showing land contours and water depths at Camden Bay and Bernard Harbour. He also designed and helped construct the expedition building at Bernard Harbour and assumed charge of the work of the Southern Party on several occasions during Anderson's absences. The many longitude and latitude readings he and Cox took along the Arctic mainland coast permitted them to create a regional map having much greater accuracy of coastline than the old British Admiralty charts previously in use.

John Cox, the other geographer, using motor launch or dog team, mapped most of the west channel of the

International Boundary, and up the Firth River for many miles. He then mapped the Arctic coast from Stapylton Bay east and south to Richardson River, thence northwest back to Stapylton Bay, then from Tree River to Cape Barrow in Coronation Gulf, and around much of the west coast and many of the islands in Bathurst Inlet. In addition to this work he made use of his engineering training and aptitude to maintain and operate the various boat engines and repaired various items of equipment around the two headquarters of the Southern Party.

Diamond Jenness, the anthropologist, shouldered a double load because of the death of the French anthropologist Henri Beuchat, following the sinking of the *Karluk*. During his first winter in the Arctic, Jenness obtained valuable data on language and everyday living of the northern Alaska Inuit and then excavated old Inuit settlements on Barter Island, northern Alaska, from which he recovered and shipped to the National Museum in Ottawa more than 3,000 artifacts. After some preliminary studies of Mackenzie Delta Inuit, he undertook and completed an exhaustive study of the little-known Copper Inuit in the Dolphin and Union straits and Coronation Gulf regions, bringing south to the National Museum in Ottawa more than 2,500 items of Copper Inuit clothing, weapons, utensils, recordings of songs, and other artifacts. These comprise the greatest collection of Copper Inuit material in existence.

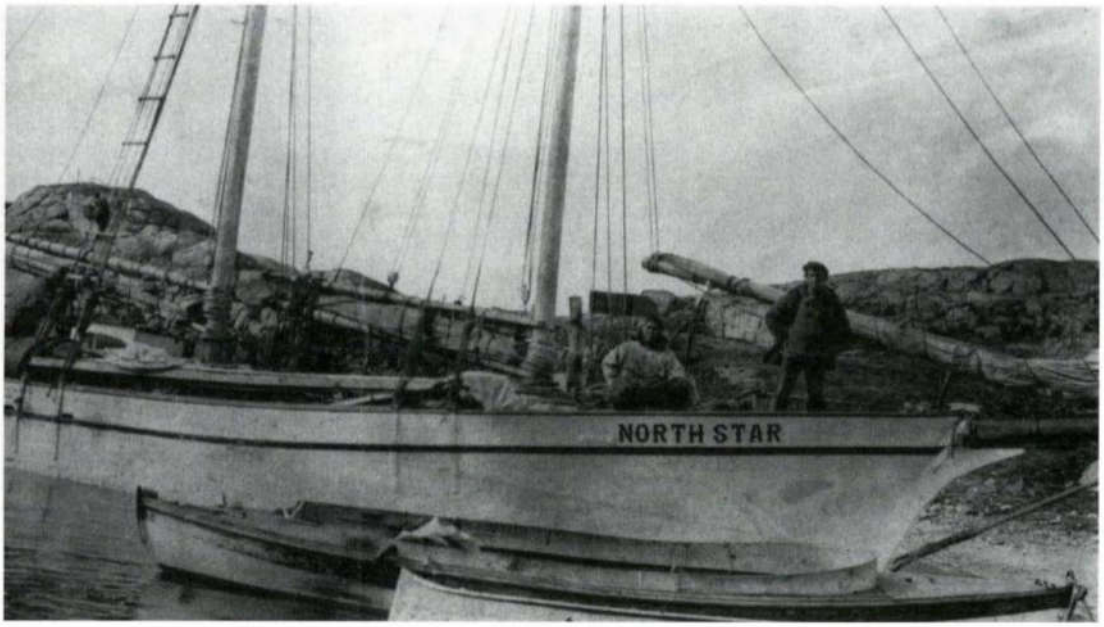
Frits Johansen, the Danish marine biologist and naturalist, made collections of plants, insects, and marine life around Camden Bay, Alaska; Herschel Island, Yukon; and Bernard Harbour. He also recorded tide data at Camden Bay and Demarcation Point, Alaska, and at Bernard Harbour.

John O'Neill, the geologist on the Southern Party, mapped the sedimentary rocks along the Firth River near Herschel Island, then made geological observations in the delta of the Mackenzie River. Later he mapped the mainland coast between Darnley Bay and Coronation Gulf, around Tree River and east into Bathurst Inlet, and examined and evaluated the distribution of native copper in Bathurst Inlet, determining the extent of its occurrence there. His geological findings appear on the map (the first published geological map of the central Canadian Arctic) prepared by Chipman and Cox, of the Arctic coast from Darnley Bay east to Bathurst Inlet, a distance of approximately 1,000 miles.

Three young Inuit — Ikey Bolt, Patsy Klengenberg, and Ambrose Agnavigak — provided great assistance to the six scientists during their activities around Coronation Gulf. They later became well known in the region.

With the exception of Jenness, little public acclaim came to the scientists on the Southern Party for their remarkable pioneer work along hundreds of miles of Arctic coast. Their achievements, nevertheless, deserve the recognition they neither sought nor received during their lifetimes. ◆

Stuart E. Jenness, the son of Diamond Jenness, is a writer and editor on scientific subjects. He edited "Arctic Odyssey: The Diary of Diamond Jenness 1913-1916" published by the Canadian Museum of Civilization in 1991.



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"North Star" unloading supplies at Cape Barrow, 12 August 1915.

PLAYING A LONE HAND

By J.E. Rea

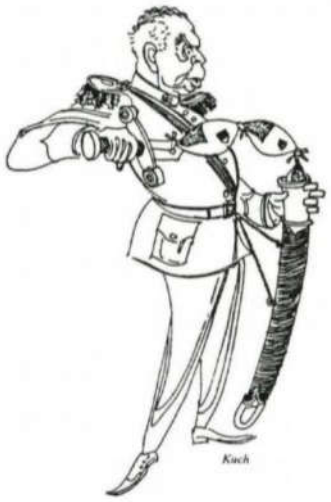
ROGUE TORY
The Life and Legend of John George Diefenbaker

By Denis Smith. Macfarlane Walter & Ross, Toronto, 1995. 580 pp., illus. $39.95.

John Diefenbaker was a promise unfulfilled. Through five elections rural, English-speaking Canada dreamed his dream; of a Canada that was uncontaminated by the modern twentieth-century world, without a dominant America, corporate hegemony or ethnocentric nationalism. They were wrong, of course, and the prairie pied piper led them, in the end, nowhere.

Denis Smith's new biography of Diefenbaker, *Rogue Tory*, is subtitled, *The Life and Legend of John George Diefenbaker*. The legend, as the author deftly demonstrates, becomes larger than life. And it was, in great part, created and assiduously cultivated by Diefenbaker himself. At the close of his long career, he preferred to live the legend rather than confront the reality, and especially the failures, of his extraordinary public life. As the train carrying his body back to Saskatchewan snaked across the prairies in the most lavish and expensive state funeral in our history (which he had orchestrated), silent grain growers, their wheat pool caps over their hearts, were grieving witnesses to the affection and faith inspired by this bundle of contradictions.

John Diefenbaker was a conditioned loser. Prior to the Second World War, he ran twice for the Saskatchewan legislature and lost; he ran twice for the federal House and lost; he ran for mayor of Prince Albert and lost. After he finally made it to Ottawa in 1940 Diefenbaker sought and lost his party's House leadership and twice the party leadership itself. But he never seems to have doubted his destiny. The long struggle to attain the pinnacle was itself part of the legend. All the while



the enemies were out there, "the interests", "Bay Street", the "Party Establishment". As the popular image grew the more inconvenient aspects disappeared. His First World War record was obscured. He was a better advocate than he was a lawyer. His reputation for defending minorities covered his tacit alliance with the Ku Klux Klan in the Saskatchewan election of 1929. Even his defeats added to his final victory. When he became leader of the Conservative Party in 1956, it was the triumph of the ordinary Canadian over the elite, of the long-suffering West over arrogant "central Canada".

In his first brief term as leader of the Opposition, he established his primary political credentials. John Diefenbaker was superb on attack. All the evidence to hand, the pipeline debate, the Suez crisis, the obviously declining vigour of Louis St. Laurent and his government, the paltry six-dollar increase in the old-age pension, all were marshalled to derail the 22-year run of the Liberals in power. It was his at last, the prime ministership, the opportunity to give Canada back to its people. The Liberals were wonderfully accommodating. Their new leader, Lester Pearson, served up on a platter the means for Diefenbaker to score the most smashing electoral victory in the country's history in 1958.

The campaign had centred almost exclusively on Mr. Diefenbaker; the other parties, including Pearson's Liberals, and even his own Conservatives, were almost irrelevant. How do you fight a Vision? The prime minister's rhetoric which so entranced the electorate turned out, however, to be, in the author's words, "a magical charm that never became a plan". He had no coherent economic policy and the Vision was squandered on a series of *ad hoc*, regional projects. So also was that magnificent political majority. Within four years Diefenbaker took his government from the heights to the edge of defeat. The few accomplishments, and they were real enough, were overwhelmed by the disasters.

The NORAD decision was not so

much wrong as badly managed. The cancellation of the Arrow fighter plane was two years late and bungled. The author might have profitably extended his research on this matter. The manner of the sacking of James Coyne as Governor of the Bank of Canada was, perhaps, the most stupid piece of politics of the century. Professor Smith leaves some of the most interesting questions unanswered. Why did Diefenbaker, the champion of individual rights, deny Coyne the right to appear before a Commons committee? No one, to my knowledge, has looked at the role of the Board of Directors of the Bank of Canada in this imbroglio. Who were they, what did they have to lose or gain, how did they figure in the infamous pension questions? Did the prime minister threaten to "reform" the Senate if its Liberal majority did not dance to his tune? The climax of Mr. Diefenbaker's political woes were the related questions of the Cuban Missile Crisis and the arming of the Bomarc missiles with nuclear warheads. The author treads warily, carefully and judiciously through this minefield.

The disintegration and parliamentary defeat of the Diefenbaker Government in 1963 should have given Pearson's Liberals an easy victory. But they blew it. While they were the authors of their own failure, Diefenbaker seemed to revive in the campaign when he could attack rather than defend. What did it matter if he was now attacking his own defence policy? For the next five years, he was the avenging angel, hovering over the Grits, who were now so undeservedly in the seats of power. But magnificent as he was as Opposition leader he was slowly but surely destroying his own party.

It is in describing this last phase of Diefenbaker's career, the lion at bay, that Smith is most perceptive in his judgements and almost poetic in his descriptions. It is almost impossible to understand Diefenbaker's unwillingness to concede that his run was over. In the election of 1965, he was hailed for having denied Pearson the much-desired majority; and indeed it was a virtuoso performance. But a new leader might very well have defeated the sleaze-besmirched and politically inept Liberals. After his second wife Olive died, he had only the demons that beset him — manifestations of unacknowledged failures — bemusing and beguiling him into thinking he could once more unseat the Grits. In the process he made a shambles of the Conservative Party.

In the end he went with a whimper. It was sad watching the leadership convention of 1967. Diefenbaker sat through three ballots, running a weakening fifth each time, as his support and his dignity oozed away. There were no mellow years.

Denis Smith has given us a splendid portrait of "The Chief", the legend and the man. It will not completely satisfy everyone. Diefenbaker was too much with us and the issues are still too close and vivid. The author could have pushed harder in some directions, expanded his research in others, but these caveats themselves are a measure of our familiarity. Diefenbaker was a populist who ignored his own people; a prime minister who could not run a small-town law office; for all his faults a man Western Canadians took to their hearts by closing their minds. Like most biographies, this one believes that individuals matter; that nations are not simply playthings of impersonal forces. To a remarkable degree (especially in the case of John Diefenbaker), it is the intersection of character and circumstance, as John A. Macdonald's biographer noted, which often determines the fate of nations and peoples.

J.E. Rea is Professor of History, the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

"Rogue Tory" is the winner of this year's J.W. Dafoe Foundation $5,000 book prize.

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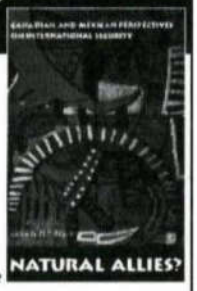

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By Thomas Sinclair

LONGITUDE
The True Story of a Lone Genius Who Solved the Greatest Scientific Problem of His Time

By Dava Sobel. Thomas Allen & Son Canada, Markham, Ontario, 1995. 184 pp. $27.95.

The name John Harrison is not a household one; not in the same league as an Edison or Bell, or Marconi, yet Harrison changed our world every bit as much as his more famous scientific and inventive followers by the achievement of the solution to the most pressing scientific problem of the eighteenth century, the measurement of longitude.

The nature of the problem was clearly demonstrated in 1707 by the Scilly Isles disaster, when by a mistake of navigation "for want of longitude" four British warships foundered and sank on the rocks with the loss of 2,000 lives. This event led directly to the Longitude Act of 1714 by which Parliament offered a prize of £20,000, "a king's ransom" and the equivalent of several million dollars today, for a practical solution to the problem of longitude.

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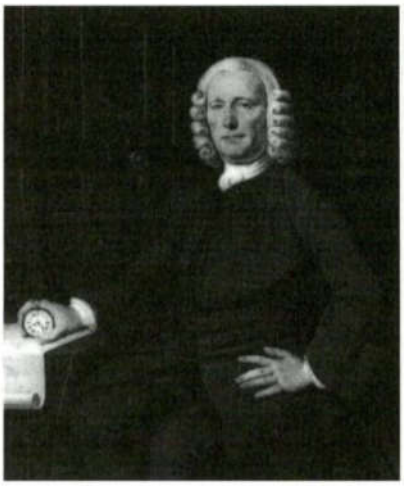
The story of the search for this solution is the subject of this short volume, but it is also the story of the conflict in science between the theoreticians and the laboratorists, here the astronomer/mathematician versus the brilliant mechanic, English clockmaker John Harrison, each striving for the most elegant resolution. It was a conflict between the two major schools of thought in resolution of the problem, aside from the lunatic fringe (wounded dogs, cannon blasts and sky rockets), centering on the



John Harrison with his chronometer.

A mere piece of machinery: Harrison's chronometer.

Astronomer Royal, Nevil Maskelyne, and the complicated and ultimately elitist lunar-distance method versus the purely mechanical time piece, a mere clock, but a clock with a heretofore unheard-of accuracy.

This is an interesting story, well told by Dava Sobel, who was formerly a science writer for the *New York Times*, although one is left yearning for some illustrations of the wonderful machinery that she describes. There are photographs on the dust-jacket of the book of the first of Harrison's marine clocks and of the large watch (or chronometer), that ultimately won the Admiralty prize, but these serve only to whet the appetite, at least for the technically inclined. The longitude story ultimately becomes one that is all-too-familiar in the history of science and invention, that of institutional jealousy, the quest for money and glory, and the defence of preconceived ideas and dogma at the expense of intellectual or technological leaps in progress. The astronomers and mathematicians were convinced that the long-sought achievement would reward them for their laborious efforts in cataloguing the heavens and predicting their movements through elaborate mathematical calculation. That a mere piece of "machinery" could accomplish this without their intellect was galling. Every effort was made to prevent Harrison from collecting his prize and they would have succeeded had not King George III intervened on Harrison's behalf.

Thomas Sinclair is a Winnipeg scientist.

Making the Law Fit

By Ben Tierney

NORTHERN JUSTICE
The Memoirs of Mr. Justice William G. Morrow

Edited by W.H. Morrow. Published by the Osgoode Society for Canadian Legal History and the Legal Archives Society of Alberta (University of Toronto Press), 1996. 220 pp., illus. $35.00.

I have long since forgotten his name, and hers. But I can see them now, as I saw them then, in the winter of 1969, or perhaps 1970, walking hand in hand in the snow, away from the recreational hall that had served as the courtroom.

It was a rape trial, the first to be tried by a jury made up entirely of Inuit. I had come north from Ottawa, a young reporter covering both the Northern Affairs and Justice departments for Southam News. And for several days I had huddled by the recreation hall's paraffin stove, taking notes with nearly frozen fingers, as fact after fact was delivered to the court, propelling the case towards what I regarded as the inevitable verdict — guilty as charged.

But the jury did not see it as I saw it. To the very evident delight of the dozen or so Inuit spectators, the jury decided a not guilty verdict was more appropriate. The accused walked free, together with young woman he had indisputably assaulted.

Later, when I expressed my bewilderment to the judge, Mr. Justice William Morrow, he smiled and explained a principle that guided him during his ten years on the bench of the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territories, a principle that is consistently evident in the pages of this book — the so-called white man's law of Canada's South does not always neatly fit when applied to the native cultures of the North, and no one from Canada's South has any business trying to force it to fit.

Mr. Justice Morrow — Bill Morrow to most people who knew him for more than 20 minutes — was certainly never going to force a fit. Frequently, during his Northern tenure, he was accused of being too soft on the natives. And he may well have been. He concedes in these memoirs — edited by his son — that he was not averse to bending the law a bit here and there to shield Canada's aboriginals from the law's harshest dictates.

But when Bill Morrow declined to force the fit, he did not do so simply because he was a compassionate man, but because he firmly held the view that Northern ways must be taken into account, and respected, however unpalatable they might sometimes be to Southerners. In his travels North of 60, both as a lawyer and a judge, Bill Morrow came to love the wilderness that was his jurisdiction, and to greatly admire the people who were its inhabitants. That showed in his pronouncements from his bench, which was often enough no more than a battered community-centre table, and on one notable occasion a table-tennis table.

Personally, I would have liked more bite in these memoirs. I would have liked to see recorded the fact that the baggage compartment of the DC3 the judge regarded as his trusty transport — but was nevertheless known to its pilots as the Gremlin's Castle — was once so loaded with Eskimo carvings bought by a certain justice minister's wife that it was scarcely able to get off the ground. And I would have liked to have heard more of the relaxed after-court conversations with the VIPs who often came to see the Northern court in action, and who, I dare to guess, invariably joined the judge in what he, in these memoirs, quaintly calls "a cocktail" before dinner. There must have been many an unguarded comment worthy of the judge's diary; Northern nights have a way of banishing formality.

But if the judge was too nice, or too discreet for journalistic tastes in putting his pen to paper, he nevertheless managed in abundance to convey the flavour, not only of the North, but of early days in Alberta when Premier "Ernie" Manning was in charge of the place, and enough oil was gushing from the ground to make a new millionaire every other week, at the latest.

More important, perhaps, he has also saved for the history books his version of events relating to important legal and constitutional issues in the North.

The general reader is not likely to be gripped by the judge's account of his battle with Ottawa's bureaucrats and politicians over whether or not the Supreme Court of the Northwest Territories had the right to deal with matters relating to Indian land claims in the North. But it is important that the arrogance the federal government so often displayed towards the North and its native people has been forthrightly documented.

In its dealings with Ottawa, and indeed with the rest of the Canada below the sixtieth parallel, the North and its native people were frequently in need of a champion. Bill Morrow was one.

Ben Tierney is a former Southam News correspondent. Until his recent retirement his career took him from Northern Canada to Hong Kong. He now lives in Florida.

CHRIS RAIBLE ON BOOKS

With this issue Chris Raible begins a new book column in "The Beaver". Raible, who keeps a bookshop, Curiosity House, at Creemore, Ontario, has written frequently on Canadian history in various Canadian magazines and is the author of "Muddy York Mud: Scandal and Scurrility in Upper Canada" (Curiosity House / Dundurn Press 1993).

Dead documents do tell tales. Aging archival papers often preserve dramatic human stories, as three recent Canadian volumes amply testify.

Beverley Boissery was clearly troubled by ***A Deep Sense of Wrong*** as she recounted the sad story of 58 rather ordinary men caught up in the 1838 political turmoil in Lower Canada. These were not the fiery editors nor the agitating assemblymen, not the Papineaus nor the Nelsons. None of them was famous, or infamous, nor ever would be. Unknown beyond the bounds of their own parishes, they neither publicly preached nor privately plotted revolution. But they were arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced and transported.

Before a Canadian court martial they were victims of a gross miscarriage of justice: civilians charged on questionable grounds, tried by anything-but-impartial judges, denied adequate legal counsel, prevented from properly cross-examining witnesses, restricted from offering testimony of their own, and convicted by doubtful procedures on questionable evidence.

They were not entirely innocent, of course. They may not have been the instigators of the insurrection, but they had participated in a lost cause. When the rebellion failed, the ringleaders fled the province, leaving behind such men as these, the unfortunate first rebels to be rounded up. They became the test cases, the show trials in which the government could demonstrate its firm control. Hence the severity of their sentences although these men were hardly the worst offenders.

Then followed their Australian ordeal. After an appalling journey in a foul ship, they joined other prisoners in a "land of a thousand sorrows". In New South Wales these Canadians were a breed apart, distinguished by their language — and by their loyalty. They were immediately segregated from the other convicts, not because they were French-speaking, but because their treasonous tendencies might be contagious! The Canadians soon proved themselves to be model prisoners, however, willing to endure whatever was necessary to enable them eventually to return home. Their loyalty was not to the British government, to be sure, but to their Quebec homeland, to their families and their familiar culture. Nearly all of them lived through the ordeal; after their release all but one found a way back to Canada.

Here is a book for all who care about our past, dark or bright—and for all who ponder such Quebecois passions as attachment to "nation" or distrust of English law.

Search Out the Land explores a hitherto neglected aspect of Canadian history, the settlement by Jews in British colonies and the legal disabilities they experienced. Their rights as citizens — having title to land, voting, holding office, testifying in court, maintaining property for religious purposes, etc. — were subject to restrictions.

In British law there were many impediments — aimed at Jews, at Catholics, at non-Anglicans — but in colonial practice there were wide variations. When administrators wanted Jews as settlers, valuing their connections for international trade, means were found to ignore restrictions or interpret regulations. Officials acted on orders, sometimes secret orders, which were not all the same in all colonies. A Jew might be defined as a "Protestant", or encouraged to accept baptism purely as an expedient act. Sometimes Jews were allowed to take oaths according to their own faith, sometimes not. A Jew might not believe in transubstantiation, but could easily swear that he did not do so "as a Christian".

Times also changed. In 1798 an Upper Canadian chief justice ruled that according to law "Jews cannot hold land in this province". Yet not many years later, an attorney general would inform the provincial Assembly that Jewish congregations were "entitled to the protection of this House as much as any other sect or denomination."

Not surprisingly, the fewer the restrictions, the more likely Jews were to settle. Early scouts, as it were, would "search out the land", sending back word of their treatment to others. This extraordinary study delves not so much into the subtleties of social acceptance as into the actualities of political practice. It is also very personal, as it tells the tales of individual lives. The authors clearly document how great a debt all Canadians owe to the Jewish experience. The removal of a restriction on one minority brought greater freedom to all minorities.

A third work, also essentially academic in form but deserving a wider readership, is ***Canada Dry***. In the first half of the last century, excessive drinking was probably society's greatest evil, affecting health, home and workplace. The movement to make Canada alcohol-free began as a passionate religious

crusade, but soon broadened and secularized.

Temperance spread, not only through the Protestant Maritimes and Upper Canada, but also became the most popular social reform movement in French Canada by the 1840s. Further west, even the Hudson's Bay Company, which the author accuses of having been "largely responsible for introducing drink into the country" was to "acknowledge its potential for harm". By 1849, drinking was condemned as not only morally wrong, but as unhealthful, wasteful and obsolete. According to one Toronto editor it was incompatible with "the active, practical, pushing, speculating, moneymaking, philanthropic, onward age in which we live."

The movement achieved amazing success, bringing profound alterations in both attitudes and behaviour. Alcoholism and its attendant evils continued, to be sure, but much did change. Whisky was no longer accepted in trade, quantities imbibed dramatically diminished, drinking at work was eliminated, public drunkenness became socially unacceptable.

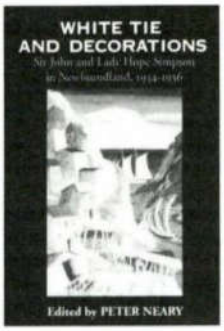
The nineteenth century was marked by many major movements for social reform — education, labour, women, health, slavery, suffrage, crime and punishment — but the catalogue is incomplete without temperance. *Canada Dry* is a study filled with fascinating detail — as a book it is anything but dry!

Books Cited

A Deep Sense of Wrong: The Treason, Trials and Transportation to New South Wales of Lower Canadian Rebels After the 1838 Rebellion. By Beverley Boissery. Dundurn Press. $36.99.

Search Out the Land: The Jews and the Growth of Equality in British Colonial America, 1740-1867. By Sheldon J. Godfrey and Judith C. Godfrey. McGill-Queen's University Press. $34.95.

Canada Dry: Temperance Crusades Before Confederation. By Jan Noel. University of Toronto Press. $50.00 hardcover, $19.95 paper.



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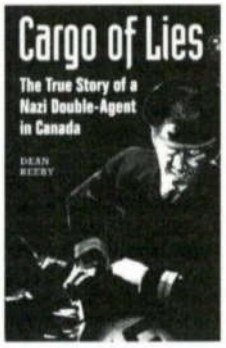

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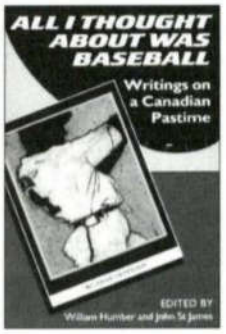

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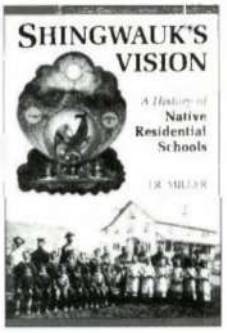

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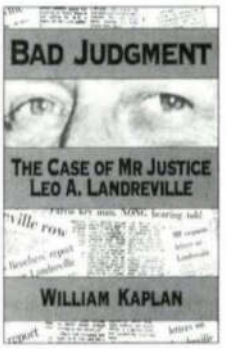

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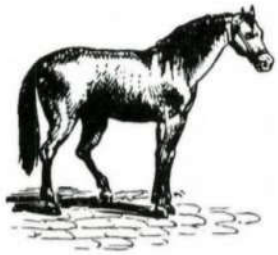


Come to the Fair

By Janet Eagleson

Fairs have always been cause for celebration in rural Canada. In 1860s Ontario most of the province's 1.3 million residents lived on farms or worked in agriculture. Communities relied on the skill and resourcefulness of farmers and their families for growth and prosperity, but life on the land was difficult. Crops were at the mercy of the unpredictable seasons and the livestock often fell victim to unexplained diseases.

The local agricultural societies were created by gentlemen farmers, merchants, politicians and other concerned individuals from the community who recognized the need to support the business of agriculture. They met several times a year to argue about new crop methods and livestock improvement. The societies were successful in lobbying the government for financial assistance and many received funding to mount local fairs and exhibitions. The first agricultural society in Upper Canada formed in 1791 and soon after there were small societies in almost every community.

The agricultural fair developed primarily as a place to exchange or sell livestock and encourage improved farming techniques, but it was also an important social event in the community. With the addition of crafts, contests and the popular curiosities, the fair became an occasion for Canadian settlers to socialize and show off their achievements. Farmers and craftsmen displayed their best merchandise, swapped trade secrets and challenged each other in friendly games of speed and skill. Livestock, crops and products were judged and cash prizes were awarded to the best in each class. A special area was designated for domestic work and prizes were awarded for the best pies, preserves, needlework, quilts and other household arts.

On the boardwalk: visitors to Black Creek Pioneer Village encounter scenes from long ago.

Early fairs in Upper Canada included many exciting shows and displays, but were marked by some "unscheduled" attractions. The 1829 fair in Bytown (Ottawa) was to finish with a horse race, but a wild fight broke out between lumberjacks and labourers. Organizers cancelled the event for a number of years. In one Ontario town, the spring and fall fairs of the 1830s regularly deteriorated into wild brawls between lumberjacks and ex-soldiers, and at times a priest would have to scatter the combatants with a long whip.

In the early nineteenth century, some communities held fairs quarterly, but the European tradition of holding fairs semi-annually in the spring

and fall gained support in the 1830s. A few years later many small community fairs gave way to larger township or county fairs, and in 1846, the first provincial (Upper Canada) exhibition was organized in Toronto. The 1846 Upper Canadian Exhibition was remarkably successful, with over 1,100 items entered in competition including grains, livestock, fruits and vegetables, dairy products and farm implements. The Agricultural Society of Upper Canada decided to hold this exhibition annually, rotating it throughout the district. Hamilton, Cobourg, Toronto, Kingston, Niagara, Brockville, London and Brantford all hosted the Upper Canadian Exhibition.

One of the highlights of pioneer fairs was the horse-judging.

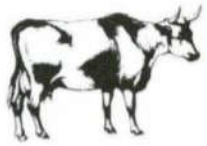
By 1850 the Exhibition had become a social institution. That year, it was held in Niagara and over 10,000 single admission tickets were sold. Steamboats to Niagara were crowded with visitors from every port on Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. By the 1866 Exhibition in Toronto, more than 6,500 items were entered into competition, and by 1867, categories for penmanship, fine arts, domestic wines and architectural drawings were included on the prize list.

Through the mid-nineteenth century many people came to believe there were simply too many agricultural exhibitions and that prizes were often awarded for inferior animals, crops and implements. One account from the 1877 Upper Canadian Exhibition in London indicated that an elderly gentlemen with a judge's badge asked a sheep breeder what he called his "black-faced beasties". When the breeder replied that they were Southdown sheep, the gentleman remarked that he believed he was the judge for that category. The last Upper Canadian exhibition was held in 1889.

As towns prospered and the local farmers had more money to spend, carnival side-shows, shooting galleries and horse-racing became important parts of the agricultural fair. Charlatans sold medicinal cure-alls and tent shows offered fair-goers glimpses of "freaks" of nature and other curiosities, including two-headed calves and even an alleged "embalmed mermaid". At the 1862 East York Union Fall Fair, one could see Chinese juggling and hear the merits of the "Good Samaritan All-Powerful Compound" made from roots and barks. The 1862 Vaughan Fall Fair at Burwick featured an India rubber man, a kangaroo, an auctioneer selling scissors and "raizors" and the armless Mr. Davis and his anaconda. Not every fair was able to attract these extraordinary side-shows and, as a result, the

Dr. Zebediah Zonk and his Travelling Museum of Scientific Curiosities.

smaller fairs often had to find alternatives. Some held baby contests, turnip-hoeing matches and one held a reading on "the requirements of a good farmer's wife".



Horse-racing was deemed by most fair organizers as attracting an "undesirable" element to the fair, but gradually trials of speed were allowed. The trials were justified because the ability to trot fast was a good quality in a horse, and the competition would surely enhance its value in the marketplace. Wagering on the races was popular and bettors would offer items like 10,000 feet of boards, 3,000 cedar shingles, a barrel of salt pork, tanned leather, a pair of blacksmith bellows or a barrel of West Indian molasses rather than part with cash.

Fairs were serious business for most farmers, and each took great pains to prepare their livestock, crops and products for exhibition. In fact, the 2 May 1864 issue of *The Canada Farmer* included a letter to the editor on how to wash sheep for exhibition. Apparently, the best method was to keep them in a warm house for three or four weeks before the show, washing them once a week with water. For the last two weeks, farmers were advised to add a little soft soap each washing. Special instructions were given to avoid singeing the wool while using curling irons.

Today, as the rate of technological and social change in contemporary society increases, more and more Canadians look to the traditions of the past as a way to try to slow down the changes around them and return to a simpler style of life. Fall fairs offer a chance to escape busy lives, get out into the country and be entertained. Contemporary fairs still feature many of the livestock displays and handiwork of the nineteenth-century fairs, but many of the traditional elements of an old-time fair have given way to the midway, with its rides, games and commercialization. Luckily, the traditional fall fair has not been lost completely.

Every year, Black Creek Pioneer Village in northwest Toronto hosts an authentic nineteenth-century agricultural fair. This year, the Black Creek Fall Fair will be held on Saturday 5 October and Sunday 6 October.

Everything about Black Creek's Fall Fair is authentic to the 1860s, from the traditional costumes worn by the villagers to the livestock displays and the side-shows. Visitors can learn about the breeds of 1860s Upper Canada, including Percherons, Clydesdales, Shorthorn cattle, Berkshire pigs, Border Leicester sheep, Muscovy ducks and others, and watch horseshoeing and threshing-machine demonstrations. There are side-shows such as Dr. Zonk and his Travelling Museum of Scientific Curiosities or Dr. Miller and his Miracle Remedy Medicine Wagon, and visitors can try their hand at nineteenth-century carnival games and races.

The Black Creek Fall Fair is scheduled in the heart of apple season and visitors can enjoy the fruits of the harvest, including homemade apple foods such as jam, butter, soup and cider. The Fair also features that famous fair tradition — the baking contest. The Black Creek Fall Fair continues that tradition with "Bake It With Apples", Toronto's biggest apple pie contest. "Bake It With Apples" will be held on 6 October.

Black Creek Pioneer Village is an active living history museum located in the northwest corner of Toronto. The Village boasts over 35 carefully restored 1860s shops and homes, staffed with costumed hosts who help guide visitors through early Canadian history. During the Fall Fair, the village residents will demonstrate life in a nineteenth-century village, from blacksmithing and cabinetmaking to baking, spinning and weaving.

Black Creek Pioneer Village hosts other authentic nineteenth-century events and activities throughout the year, from militia musters and military re-enactments to Christmas by lamplight, Halloween celebrations and the Pioneer Festival quilt auction.

Janet Eagleson is a writer who works at Black Creek Pioneer Village. She grew up in Parkhill, Ontario and attended the Parkhill Fall Fair regularly. Photographs courtesy of Black Creek Pioneer Village.

For further information on Black Creek Pioneer Village and its programmes, write to: 1000 Murray Ross Parkway, North York, Ontario, M3N 1S4.

Sandy Lunan

We are currently researching the life of my great uncle Alexander (Sandy) Lunan in the hope of writing a novel based loosely on his life and experiences. Sandy was an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company for 23 years which he spent almost entirely at Baker Lake as Station Manager.

We would welcome any help in the form of anecdotes or reminiscences from those who knew him. We can be contacted at the following address:

Graeme Lunan Ogilvie
Bayside Arbors #7208
2717 Seville Boulevard
Clearwater, Florida
U.S.A. 34624.

Refreshing

A word of thanks to the editing staff for publishing "The Beast of War and the Beautiful Lake" by Jake MacDonald, [April / May 1996].

It is refreshing and greatly appreciated by a long time Canadian-German subscriber to enjoy an article about countrymen who were for once described in a positive and humorous manner without the usual accompanying negativisms.

D.B.G. and H.G.W. Fricke,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Knowing the Past

As a fairly new subscriber to *The Beaver*, I feel it necessary to voice my feelings regarding your magazine. I am pleased to be able to read articles and stories regarding Canada's history. Text books tend to be rather dry and lack the personality and sincerity of a personal account. I find many of your authors to be genuine and refreshing. History doesn't have to be a regurgitation of events, but a storytelling of events long past but still pertinent.

As a person as much as a "Canadian" person, it is important to understand our past, so that our present and future will not become a jumble of incoherent events devoid of meaning. Our ancestors' errors and shortcomings are as important today as they were then. We will always be doomed to repeat them if we do not learn from them.

I am a fan of the "Star Trek" series on television. On one particular episode, Worf (a Klingon) stated that "our parents' dishonour is our dishonour and that of future generations." I feel that this statement pretty much describes the human condition in any period of time. Let us hope that by keeping the past alive in our minds, that we will not become the dishonoured.

Maria Ménage,
Cambridge, Ontario.

IF YOU ARE AN EXPERIENCED MAGAZINE EDITOR WITH A PASSIONATE INTEREST IN CANADIAN HISTORY, THIS MAY BE YOUR NEW JOB

The Beaver magazine is looking for a Managing Editor to join its editorial team. The Managing Editor, who will work closely with an Editor-in-Chief, an Associate Editor and a small support staff, will be responsible for:

- **The commissioning, assessing and editing of some feature articles.**
- **The commissioning and editing of the content of some editorial departments.**
- **Initial assessment of some unsolicited articles.**
- **Magazine production, including scheduling and printer contacts.**
- **Some aspects of administration.**
- **Assisting in the planning of editorial budgets.**

In addition to a real interest in and a good knowledge of Canadian history, preferably with university credits in the area, the Managing Editor will:

- **Have magazine-editing experience, including the commissioning of articles and working with writers.**
- **Be thoroughly familiar with desk-top publishing techniques.**
- **Know magazine offset printing requirements, procedures and costs.**
- **Have proven ability to work well in an editorial team.**
- **Have demonstrated managerial and financial skills.**

A competitive salary and benefits package will be negotiated. The successful applicant will join the editorial team at The Beaver's offices in Winnipeg.

Please send a resume and supporting materials to:

The President,
Canada's National History Society,
#478, 167 Lombard Avenue,
Winnipeg, MB
R3B OT6

No telephone calls please. Candidates selected for an interview will be notified.

THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB

THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB offers a convenient way to obtain selected Canadian books - primarily those dealing with historical or biographical subjects at significant savings. Selections may vary with each issue of The Beaver.

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by James H. Gray
Here are the wild days of the Canadian West. Booze was unrestriced. Battles raged between the wets and the drys that resulted in total prohibition for a time. Like its companion book, **Red Lights**, This book was an instant best seller when first published. 271pp., index. Publisher's List Price $12.95; Club Price **$9.50** (paper)

NEW **RED LIGHTS OF THE PRAIRIES**
by James H. Gray
An unconventional social history that takes a lively look at the history of prostitution in prairie cities in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. A huge success when originally published. 235pp., index. Publisher's List Price $12.95; Club Price **$9.50** (paper)

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NORTHERN LIGHTS: Masterpieces of Tom Thomson and the Group of Seven
by Joan Murray
A stunning, commemorative 75th anniversary tribute to Canada's most beloved and influential artists. 10 3/4" x 10 3/4" 196 pp., over 140 colour plates. Publisher's List Price $50; Club Price **$34.** (cloth)

RIGHT HONOURABLE MEN
by Michael Bliss
This is a book that Canadians have been waiting for: a unique history of the country told through the personalities of its ten most important prime ministers. 320pp. Publisher's List Price $28; Club Price **$19** (cloth)

LOUISBOURG PORTRAITS
by Christopher Moore
Military sieges dominate the history of Louisbourg. Moore describes the town behind the fortress walls through five dramatic tales of people who lived in the 18th- century garrison town. 302 pp. Publisher's List Price $14.95; Club Price **$11.** (paper)

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Canada's first crown corporation, the Canadian National Railway, is described from its beginnings through profiles, interviews and first- hand accounts. 325pp., B&W photos. Publisher's List Price $19.95; Club Price **$14.**(paper)

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A remarkable record of the first overland Arctic expedition led by Sir John Franklin, which despite its accomplishments, remains one of the most tragic incidents in the history of Arctic exploration. 217 pp., maps, illustrations. Publisher's List Price $22.95; Club Price **$16.50** (paper)

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by Roger Hall, Gordon Dodds and Stanley Triggs
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by Kevin McNamee with a foreword by David Suzuki.
A celebration, in words and pictures, of Canada's national park system, its evolution, achievements and future. 224pp., 120 colour, 40 black & white photographs , 10 maps. Publisher's List Price $45; Club Price **$29.** (cloth)

CANADA, QUÉBEC AND THE USES OF NATIONALISM
by Ramsay Cook
How did Canadians reach this point? How did Québec nationalism come to threaten the future of the entire country? Is there a solution? These are among the questions tackled by noted historian Ramsay Cook in this important and timely book, now in its second edition, about the clash of cultures in Canada. 294 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$13.** (paper)

THE LOYALISTS
by Christopher Moore
The award-winning account of some 50,000 Americans who fled the United States for Canada in the late 18th-century in protest over the revolution against Britain. 280 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$13.** (paper)

A SHORT HISTORY OF CANADA
by Desmond Morton
Revised and expanded in the 1990s, this new edition provides a lively, insightful and comprehensive account of what shaped Canada's past. Must reading to understand Canada today. 351 pp. Publisher's List Price $18.99; Club Price **$11.** (paper)

NEW **PAUL KANE'S GREAT NOR-WEST**
by Diane Eaton and Sheila Urbanek. This handsome book traces Paul Kane's travels along Hudson's Bay Company 19th century fur trade routes. Kane in his own words, sketches and paintings, describes what he saw. 176 pp., 10"x10", 26 colour and 25 b/w illustrations. Publisher's List Price $45.95; Club Price **$32.**

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WHICH REMINDS ME *by Mitchell Sharp.* Publisher's List price $45.; Club Price **$30.** (cloth)

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A PROJECT OF CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY

For the Love of Sport

Again this year, I lost interest in the Stanley Cup playoffs soon after Easter. Marketing-gimmick hockey events somewhere in the sunbelt in June seemed just too far away from what the game is supposed to be. And I realized I was hardly more eager for the Olympics in Atlanta. Sure, there would be wonderful performances, but there would also be reckless excess, national chauvinism and commercial hype, wrapped around armies of robot-like, hyper-trained athletes, all primed to sell us running shoes.

It was with such sour thoughts about modern sport that I sat down in a coffee bar near the University of Toronto to talk sports history with Bruce Kidd. As a middle-distance runner in the faraway 1960s, Kidd caught Canada's attention. He was one of the very few internationally-ranked track-and-field competitors we had. By his own telling, Kidd the runner reaped the benefits of the twilight days of amateurism in sport. Recently, as the author of *The Struggle for Canadian Sport*, he has also emerged as Canada's most substantial historian of sport by exploring the rise and fall of that amateur tradition. His book considers trends that afflict Canadian sport today: Americanization, commercialization, and the way the quest for records overwhelms the pleasure of play. All those trends, it turns out, had developed long before Kidd's racing days and about 70 years before the Nordiques became the Avalanche and the Jets turned into Coyotes.

Today Bruce Kidd is director of the School of Physical and Health Education at the University of Toronto. He's always been an activist on the social and political side of sports, but even as he pursued the university career and the public campaigns, he worked away part-time at

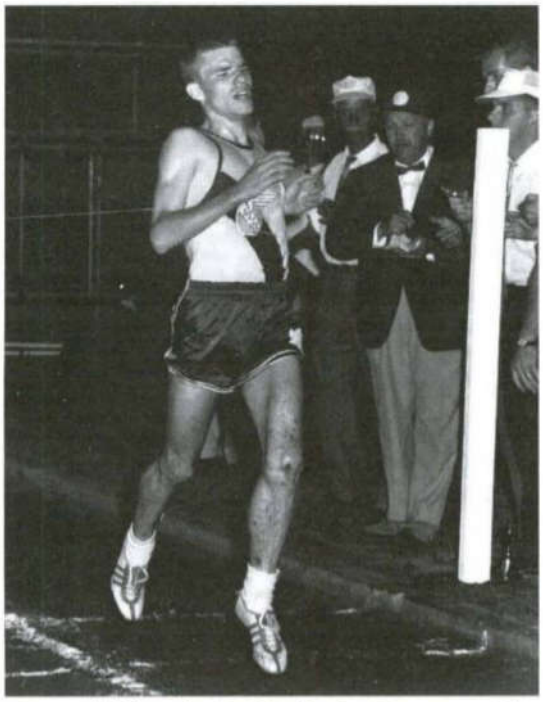
Bruce Kidd today.

York University on a doctorate in the history of sport. That slow process of studying and thinking about sport gave birth to his new book, which is at once a work of scholarship and what Kidd calls "a disguised autobiography".

The Struggle for Canadian Sport is less about games or stars than about organizations. As we became urban societies with fixed schedules and fixed leisure hours, the standardized basics of modern sport all emerged at once in the late 1800s — rules, equipment, uniforms, leagues, and fans. They were assembled by new sports organizations, mostly middle-class organizations at first. In Canada's case, much of amateur sport was invented and led by a mere handful of high-minded volunteer "sportsmen", mostly from English Montreal.

Most sports history charts the evolution of professional sport — what would now be called "big league" stuff. But Kidd thinks that story missed what was most important about early sport. "Today," says Kidd, "it is hard to convey a time when amateurism was the dominant ideology, when it was totally accepted and enforced." From 1884 until the 1930s, the leaders of the AAU, the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada, pretty much defined who would play and what sports would be played. Kidd is deeply ambivalent about the legacy of amateurism. "Leaders of the amateur movement have been pompous and patriarchal. They have often been anti-athlete. They have been narrow, English-Canadian nationalist." As an athletes' advocate, Kidd has often fought publicly with their heirs.

"But they were very public-spirited too, and they *believed*," Kidd continues. As an exemplar of amateurism, Kidd recalls Fred Foot of the East York Track Club, his unpaid first coach, who gave endless time and care to promising young athletes. "There was no one else to groom the track, so he built a device out of fence wire that a couple of us could stand on while he towed it behind his car. He tore the guts out of two car engines to groom our running track.



Bruce Kidd at the British Empire (Commonwealth) Games in 1962, setting the six-mile Canadian record.

And it was not as if he could afford that."

Even when the AAU dictated the rules and the championships and ended athletes' careers over the least whiff of professionalism, its rule never went unchallenged. "A nation that loves sport cannot revolt," puffed sportsman Henry Roxborough in 1926. But the Workers' Sports Association had clubs and leagues across Canada dedicated to sports and revolution. The WSA and its Communist-led rivals believed that sport could help build working-class solidarity against the capitalist system and against the bourgeois prejudices of the AAU. And that was not the only challenge to the AAU. The AAU proclaimed that sport was about "the making of men", but the Women's Amateur Athletic Federation (founded in 1925) devoted itself to "girls' sports run by girls" at a time when women's softball often drew more paying fans than men's leagues. Faced with male disdain and prejudice, the WAAF struggled with a dilemma: to find a place for women in sports organizations run by men, or to seek "girls' rules" in separate women's sport systems.

Kidd devotes two long chapters to workers' sport and women's sport, not because they determined the future of sport but because they did not. Kidd thinks the might-have-beens are an important part of doing history. "It's important to resist the dominant view that whatever trend won out was inevitable or natural or the only way. To leave no alternatives is very discouraging." In history, he says firmly, "you have to leave room for human agency. Writing about these people, I wanted to suggest their sense of uncertainty about what would happen. People sweated over these decisions. To get the story right, I wanted to show that." Today, with amateurism itself in eclipse, the very existence of rival movements like those represented by the WSA and WAAF is unknown and surprising.

Kidd's book explores the struggles and rivalries of amateur sports, worker sports, and women's sports in the first half of the century. But looming up behind them all was another rival: professional sports. For amateur sport had an Achilles' heel: high performance. Amateur sport might have been about character-building, but even faithful amateurs valued achievement and wanted to win — for club or country, if not for themselves. The highest performances usually came from devoting oneself to sport, often for pay. And if the best athletes were being paid, who were ambitious amateurs to play with?

Kidd shows that is was in the 1920s, not the 1960s, that the lure of the podium began to vex the faith of the amateurs. He argues, however, there was a middle way that could have mixed high performance and community values. He calls it non-commercial professional sport — a system in which the athlete could be paid, while the teams and leagues remained non-profit and community-run. Canadian football pursued this route, particularly in the West, and Kidd argues Canadian hockey might have done the same. Instead, hockey became another case of the triumph of "capitalist sport", as leagues which were organized to maximize their owners' profits took control, marginalizing games and players which did not serve that end. The commercial NHL began its drive to dominate hockey in the 1920s, and when Hamilton lost its team to New York, a local journalist saw clearly that selling the Canadian game and Canadian players to American audiences was the future of hockey as a business. "It will only be a matter of time," wrote Walter McMullen — in 1925.

Capitalist sport's victory was no sure thing, Kidd thinks. He argues that the national network, the CBC, gave it one crucial boost. In the 1930s, community-run non-profit teams across Canada were as popular and profitable as their purely commercial rival, but no one would have known it from listening to CBC radio. The national network chose to showcase the NHL, and "Hockey Night in Canada" made the Toronto Maple Leafs into Canada's best-known team — in a profit-oriented league dominated by American teams. By the end of the Second World War, capitalist sport defined real sport, and all its rivals were also-rans.

To recover the faded days of amateurism, Kidd often found himself reading about — and sometimes interviewing — men and women he had known from sports when he was young, but about whose pasts he had known nothing. Kidd comes from a family deeply rooted in sport, in volunteerism, and in Canadian

volunteerism, and in Canadian nationalism, and in 1961 he declined American sports scholarships out of a sense that one should know one's own society first. Clearly he has taken pleasure in building a record of the traditions that helped forge him. Kidd has never been silent about the shortcomings of the amateur creed, but he can't help remembering the doors it opened for him. How many undergraduate students in Eastern European history get to spend a weekend with a top expert on the Soviet Union? Kidd did while in England for a track meet — and when the weekend was over, he broke the European record in his event. "Amateur sport provided wonderful experiences for me."

By comparison, Kidd participated in a study of Western athletes at the Seoul Olympics in 1988, and it convinced him that the pursuit of medals and records has sucked the life from high level "amateur" sport. "For most of them, it might have been a track meet in the Midwest somewhere. The focus now is entirely on performance," he says. "High performance sport is all pre-visualized, preplanned ... fewer and fewer athletes develop broadened lives."

There is no happy ending in *The Struggle for Canadian Sport*. Indeed, it demonstrates how long ago and how total was the victory of money over sport. But Kidd hardly seems defeated or pessimistic. He may be a thoughtful intellectual capable of saying, "The preoccupation with the podium has narrowed the discourse of opportunity in Canadian sport" — there's a lot of theoretical language in the book, too — but he still knows in his bones and muscles that sport is "joyous improvisation" and it has a secret weapon: pleasure.

Kidd likes to say that whatever else it is, sport is also one of the pleasures of the flesh. "The erotic side of sports participation gets denied and downplayed, but you can get such physical pleasure out of sport. I was not uncompetitive, certainly, but I remember being in races, feeling my body operating at its peak and thinking, 'God, this just feels so *fabulous*!' And then feeling guilty that I wasn't paying attention to the race!"

From that perspective, sport is doing pretty well. A morning at any recreation centre or sportsplex in Canada quickly proves that more people of every race, class, gender, age, and ability are participating in more sports at higher levels of performance than ever before. Perhaps the lesson from the history of Canadian sport is that your favourite team will always go south in the end. But if you run around the block frequently enough, you may feel a lot better about it.

"The Struggle for Canadian Sport" by Bruce Kidd was published in June

THE 1996 READERS' CHOICE SURVEY — ENCOUNTERS WITH HISTORY —

In *The Beaver*'s last READERS' CHOICE survey we invited you to nominate the great Canadians of the twentieth century. This year we want to hear about your encounters with history. Did Wayne Gretzky score 21 goals on you in pee-wee hockey? Did Emily Carr paint the totem pole in your backyard? Did Tommy Douglas change your life when he spoke to your youth group? Were you there when General de Gaulle spoke from the balcony? We are looking for memorable or revealing encounters with great events or memorable Canadians.

Keep them short: no more than 250 words. They should be your own personal experience. And they should be true.

Christopher Moore will survey the entries and announce winners in the December/January issue. *The Beaver* will publish the best stories in that issue or following ones.

PRIZES: The Grand Prize winner will receive $100 plus a recent book of historical interest. Others published will receive books.

TO ENTER: Send your entry, preferably typed, double-spaced, to *The Beaver*. Make sure your name and address are attached to your entry. Please keep a copy, as entries will not be returned. Published entries may be edited.

DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES: 30 September.

MAIL YOUR ENTRIES TO: The Beaver Contest, #478-167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6.

THE SOCIETY

The Best have been Found

Here, in alphabetical order, are the first recipients of the Society's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History:

- Joan Andersen, Makkovik, NF
- Paul Bennett, Thornhill, ON
- Ed Caissie, Fredericton, NB
- Raymond Duchesne, Québec City
- Linda Dodge/Janet McKinney, Saint John, NB
- Charles Hou, Burnaby , BC
- Geoff Irvine, Orleans, ON
- Ted Palmer, Coquitlam, BC
- Marian Riemer, St. Catherine's, ON
- Lloyd Soloman, Souris, PEI
- Gail Sobat/William Diefenthaler/ Kaye Steward, St. Albert, AB
- Joe Tersigni, Guelph, ON

They represent a range and depth of activity, elementary, junior and senior grade teachers, relative newcomers and established members of the profession. The finalists are, indeed, a very good mix.

Finalists will receive an all expense paid trip for two to Ottawa where the first awards ceremony will be held on October 5. The finalists will receive a certificate and a cash prize of $500. A grand prize winner will be selected from among the twelve. That person will receive a medal and a cash prize of $5000. The winner's school will receive a computer.

The ceremony will take place at Rideau Hall under the auspices of His Excellency, the Governor General, the Honourable Roméo LeBlanc, who is Patron of this program. He will present all the certificates and prizes and announce the grand prize winner.

These finalists were selected, from among 111 nominations, at a judging weekend held in Toronto June 1 and 2. Six bilingual judges were assembled to make the selection. They came from all parts of Canada and were recruited for reasons such as their experience in teaching history, their involvement in the history teaching profession and professional development. Members of the judging panel were:

- David Evans, coordinator of the International Baccalaureate Program, Campbell College, Regina, SK;
- Andrée Green, consultant for French Immersion Programs: primary to grade 12, Nova Scotia Department of Education and Culture;
- Ludi Habs, head, History and Social Sciences, Chinquasousy Secodary School, Brampton, ON and president of the Ontario History and Social Science Teacher's Association;
- Ken Osborne, professor, Faculty of Education, University of Manitoba, a teacher of history teachers;
- Jean-Claude Richard, professor of History Didactics, Faculty of Education, l'Université de Québec à Trois-Rivières;
- Yushy Wallace, field services coordinator, British Columbia Ministry of Education.

It was an intensive two days. Over that period of time, the finalists and grand prize winner were selected. The 111 entries came in various shapes and sizes. The mountain of material, carefully organized and distributed around three rooms, included lesson plans, course outlines, textbooks, articles, videos, photographic records, slides, letters of support, newspaper accounts, all of which had to be fully considered by the judges, who worked in pairs.

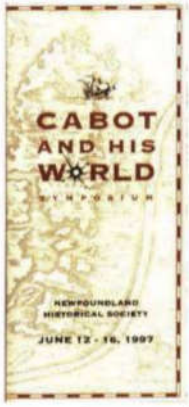
In addition to selecting the finalists and the overall winner, the judges also had some constructive thoughts on how the awards program might be improved to give it greater appeal through the K to 12 (OAC in Ontario) school system. These are presently being considered by the Society and its colleague in this program, CoEd Communications of Toronto, an educational consulting firm.

To Bee or not To Bee

The Society has undertaken a feasibility study of History "Bee", a national history competition for history students in middle and senior grades. It would by modelled after the Begbie Competition in British Columbia and the Geography Bee introduced by the Royal Canadian Geographical Society three years ago. It is expected the study will be completed by November.

Cabot and His World Symposium

Through modest support, the Society has become one of many sponsors behind a major symposium, marking the 500th anniversary of John Cabot's 1497 voyage from Bristol to North America, that is being organized by the Newfoundland Historical Society (NFS).



It will be held June 12 and 16, 1997 beginning in St. John's and moving to Bonavista, long believed to be the location of Cabot's landfall. The Bonavista portion of the symposium will coincide with the arrival of the *Matthew*, a replica of Cabot's ship which has been built in England. The symposium is being organized with the general public in mind, to give interested parties access to the historical background to Cabot's voyages and an opportunity to learn more about their significance, background and controversy.

The symposium, is under the direction of Jim Hiller, the newly elected president of the NHS and a professor of history at Memorial University.

Further information on the symposium can be obtained by contacting the NFS at:

Room 15 Colonial Building
St. John's NF A1C 2C9
Telephone: 709 - 722-3191
Fax: 709 - 729-0578

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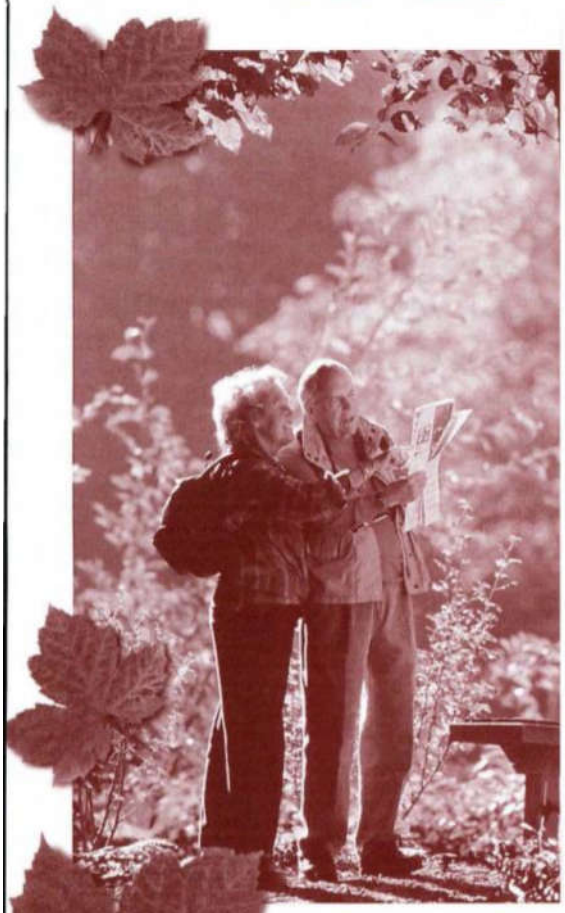

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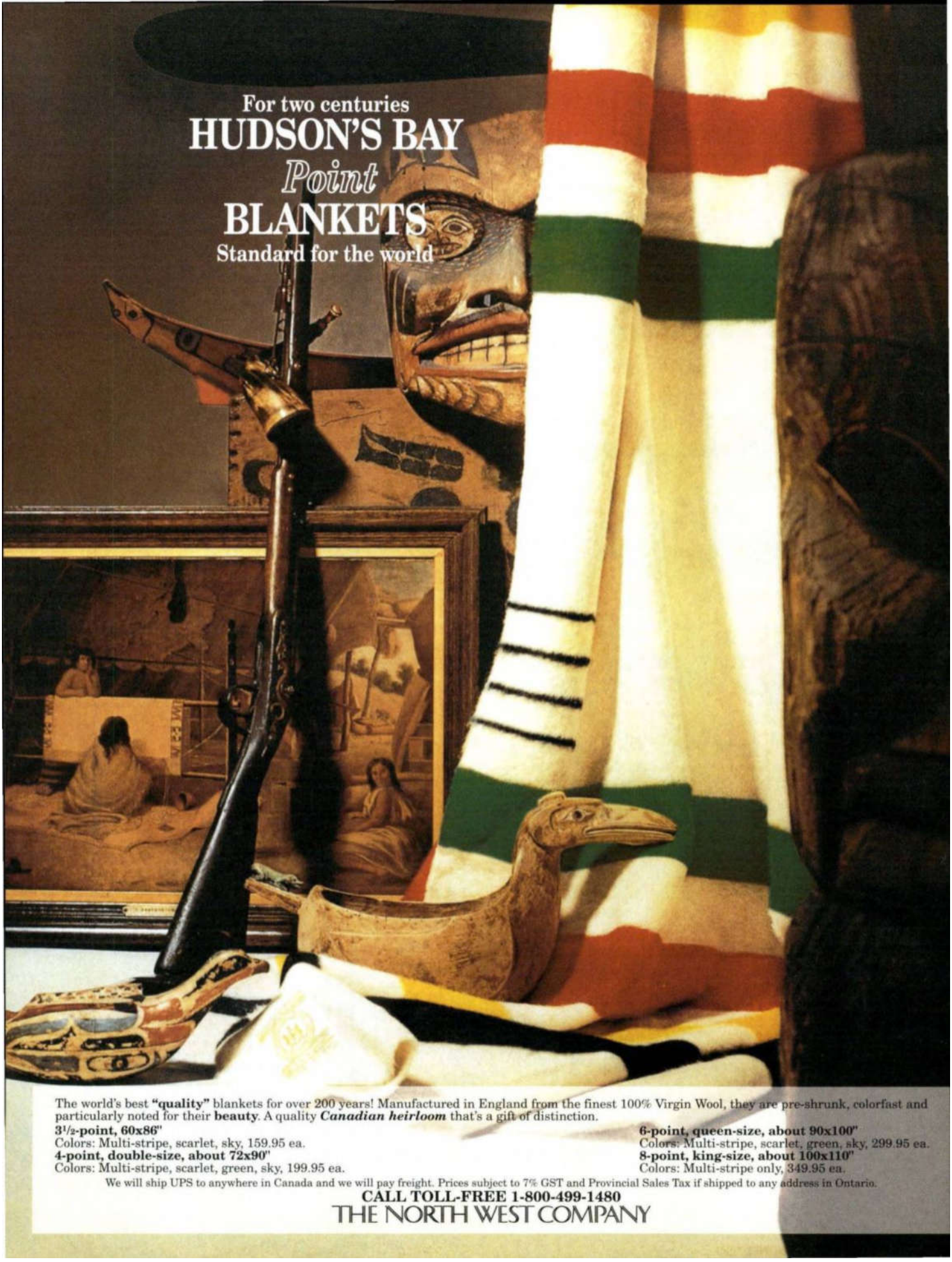

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